

The Round Table.

A Saturday Review of Politics, Literature, Society, and Art.

No. 142.—Vol. VI.

New York, October 12, 1867.

Price \$6 a Year, in Advance.
\$3 50 for Six Months.
Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Contents of No. CXLII.

Republican Leaders,	239
Revenue Frauds,	239
The Widow of Lincoln,	240
Talk as an End,	241
Georgio Ronconi,	242
A La Mode,	242

MR. G. WASHINGTON MOON'S CRITICISMS:	
IV. Gould's Good English,	243

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
An International Copyright,	244
Letter from the Rev. Dr. Stubbs,	244

REVIEWS:	
Joshua Quincy, of Massachusetts,	245
Under Two Flags,	245

Madame Kiesel's Memoirs,	246
A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy	
Canoe,	247
On the Cam,	247
Faber's Hymns,	247
The Heiress of Kilgarn,	247
Vineyard Culture Improved and Cheap-	
ened,	248

BOOKS RECEIVED,	248
---------------------------	-----

MUSIC:	
Philharmonic Society,	248

LITERARIANA,	248
------------------------	-----

HOWARD & CO.,

619 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Have just received a very choice assortment of

RICH FANCY GOODS,

of their own direct importation from the best manufactures of LONDON, PARIS, and VIENNA.

RUSSIA LEATHER AND TURKEY MOROCCO DESKS, PAPETERIE, PORTFOLIOS, TOURIST'S CASES, JEWEL CASES, DRESSING CASES, POCKET BOOKS, and CARD CASES from LONDON.

RICH PORCELAIN AND GLASSWARE, FANS, OPERA GLASSES, and many novelties from Paris.

GLOVE BOXES, MOUCHOIR CASES, CASKETS, GILT INKSTANDS, and an endless variety of other articles from Vienna.

Our stock of SOLID SILVERWARE embraces all that is new and desirable, and the celebrated GORHAM PLATED WARE will be, as formerly, a leading feature of our business.

Our assortment of JEWELLERY comprises everything of domestic manufacture, and is constantly augmented by importations of all the new styles and patterns that are produced in Paris.

We have a great variety of WALTHAM WATCHES, in both Gold and Silver Cases; also English, Swiss, and Dresden Watches of all kinds.

All goods are marked in plain figures at moderate prices, and nothing of an inferior quality will be found in our establishment.

HOWARD & CO., 619 Broadway, New York.

LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

The Editor of a Weekly London Paper, who contributes to a first-class London Daily and other Journals, Political and Literary, would be glad to accept an engagement as London Correspondent to an American Paper. Address A. K. ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59 Fleet Street, London, E. C.

Wanted.—An educated man of good social address and culture wants a position as secretary or companion or tutor to some party who is going to travel in Europe.
Address AMERICAN LITERARY BUREAU, 132 Nassau St., N. Y.

Wanted.—A Partner (or the whole interest will be disposed of) in the Book and Stationery Business, in a Southern city, well established and doing a good business. Address Box 451, Savannah, Ga.

EPISCOPAL HIGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS, THREE MILES WEST OF ALEXANDRIA, VA.

The location of this institution is peculiarly healthy and beautiful, commanding a fine view of the cities of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria.

The Twenty-eighth Session begins on the 25th of September, 1867, with the following instructors:

Rev. WM. F. GARDNER, University of Virginia, Rector.
JAMES M. GARNETT, M.A., University of Virginia.
W. PINKNEY MASON, U. S. Naval Academy.

Terms: \$300 per school year, with no extra charges.
For further information address the Rector.

REV. WILLIAM F. GARDNER, Theological Seminary Post-Office, Fairfax County, Va.

"AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE."

FOUNDED 1855.

Is a Reliable Educational Bureau

For supplying Schools and Families with Teachers,

For representing Teachers who seek positions,

For giving Parents information of good Schools.

Testimony from Rev. Eben S. Stearns, Principal of Albany Female Academy, N. Y.

"I have tried the 'AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE,' and regard it as a most desirable medium for supplying our schools and seminaries with the best teachers, and for representing well-qualified teachers who wish employment. All who are seeking teachers will find a wide range from which to select, with an assurance that in stating character and qualifications there is no 'humbug,' and there can be no mistake. Teachers will find situations for which they may otherwise seek in vain. The highly respectable character of those who conduct the 'INSTITUTE' affords sufficient guarantee of fair dealing, and of kind and polite treatment to all."

Circulars explaining plan and terms sent when applied for.

J. W. SCHERMERHORN, A.M., Actuary,
940 Broome St., one block East of Broadway, New York.

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867.

PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Have just received an extensive variety of their well-known Standard Editions of the Bible, American Episcopal Prayer-Books and Church Services, in all sizes of Type and of entirely new patterns, for the Fall Trade, which they now offer for sale at the lowest importing prices.

LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE,

636 Broadway, New York.

Wedding Cards and Envelopes, the latest styles, by A. DEMAREST, Engraver, 182 Broadway, corner of John Street. Crystal Cards, Monograms, etc.

WANTED.—AGENTS.

\$75 to \$200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce throughout the United States the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, bind, braid, and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only \$18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay \$1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Klastic Lock-Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from \$75 to \$200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address

SECOMB & CO.,

Cleveland, Ohio.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

WIDDLETON, Publisher.

GOULD'S GOOD ENGLISH.

GOOD ENGLISH; or, POPULAR ERRORS IN LANGUAGE.

By EDWARD S. GOULD, Author of Abridgement of Allison's Europe, etc. A handsome 12mo vol., price \$1 50.

"Mr. Gould has confined himself to the exposure and analysis of such errors as are familiar to and in common use by every one. The reader will be surprised to find how many have crept into the language and received the sanction of the usage of good writers, and how incorrect are many words and expressions that everybody seems to suppose are unquestionably good English. Such a work is very much needed, and a careful study and following of its suggestions would lead to a general improvement in the style of all writers and speakers of the language."

CONINGTON'S ÆNEID.

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL,

Translated into English verse (Scott's Ballad Metre). By John Conington, M.A., Latin Professor in the University of Oxford. An elegant library edition, in large, clear type, handsomely printed on toned paper. One volume crown 8vo, bevelled boards, uncut, \$3 50; half calf, \$4.

"It was reserved for Mr. Conington to give us a thoroughly English phrase of poetry which has all the vigor as well as the sense of Virgil."—Blackwood's Magazine.

DISRAELI'S WORKS.

NEW AND ELEGANT LIBRARY EDITIONS.

THE CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

By ISAAC DISRAELI. With a View of the Life of the Author, by his Son. In 4 vols. crown 8vo, cloth extra (in box), \$9.

AMENITIES OF LITERATURE.

CONSISTING OF SKETCHES AND CHARACTERS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By ISAAC DISRAELI. Edited by his Son, the Right Hon. B. Disraeli. In 2 vols. crown 8vo, cloth extra, \$4 50.

These are admitted to be the most beautiful editions of Disraeli ever published, and have given a new enthusiasm to his most remarkable works. The varied learning and research of the author are proverbial; and the unique titles convey a good idea of the value and interest of the books.

For Sale at the Principal Bookstores, and mailed by Publisher on receipt of price.

WIDDLETON, Publisher,

17 Mercer Street, New York.

TWO NEW BOOKS.

CONDENSED NOVELS.

A volume of the widely known burlesques and laughable condensations of the most popular novels and novellists of the day. By BRET HARTE. One of the most amusing comic books of the season. Illustrated by Frank Bellew, and cloth bound, price \$1 50.

RICHMOND DURING THE WAR.

Personal observations and experiences of a lady who resided in that city during the late civil war. Dedicated to the women of the Southern Confederacy. No volume has before appeared which presents a more simple and vivid picture of the secrets, privations, and personal incidents of the people during those terrible years in the Confederate capital. *.* Price \$1 75.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Avery Glibun. A powerful novel by "Orpheus C. Kerr,"	\$2 00
Artemus Ward in London. A new illustrated book,	1 50
Renshawe. A new novel, author "Mary Brandegee,"	1 75
The Clergyman's Wife. Mrs. Ritchie's (Mowatt's) book,	1 75
The Cameron Pride. Mrs. Mary J. Holmes's novel,	1 50
How to Make Money, and How to Keep It,	1 50

These books are beautifully bound in cloth, are sold everywhere, and will be sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price by

G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers,
NEW YORK.

A. SIMPSON & CO.

PUBLISHER THE FOLLOWING

IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING WORKS:

The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker and Other Learned Men. By F. B. COZZENS, Esq. Price \$1 50.

A Treatise on Emotional Diseases of the Sympathetic System of Nerves. By William Murray, M.D., etc. Price \$1 50.

Six Lectures on Hysteria. By F. B. Skay, F.R.S., etc. Price \$1 50.

Father Tom and the Pope. With an Introduction by F. B. Cozzens, Esq. Only 300 copies printed. Edition de luxe. Price \$2 50 to subscribers.

IN PRESS,

The Pathological Anatomy of the Female Sexual Organs. By Prof. Julius Klob. Translated by Drs. Kammirer and Dawson. Vol. I. Diseases of the Uterus. Price \$3 50. (Ready Nov. 1.)

Slave Songs of the South. With music attached. Price \$1 50.

The Principles and Practice of Laryngoscopy and Rhinoscopy. By Antoine Ruppner, M.D. (Ready Nov. 1.)

Life Among the Mormons. By an Officer of the U. S. Army. Price \$1 50. (Ready Dec. 1.)

Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

A. SIMPSON & CO.,

60 Duane Street, New York.

ROBERT SEWELL.

JAMES F. PIERCE.

SEWELL & PIERCE,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW,

62 Broadway and 21 New Street, New York.

MESSRS. SEWELL & PIERCE practise in all the Courts of the State of New York and of the United States, and give particular attention to the management of Estates, Investment of Monies, Conveyancing, Organization of Companies, etc., etc., etc.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A REPOSITORY OF

FASHION, PLEASURE, AND INSTRUCTION.

HARPER'S BAZAR, the publication of which has been just commenced by HARPER & BROTHERS, is an Illustrated Weekly Journal devoted to Fashion and Household Literature.

It is the first Weekly Journal of Fashion ever published in the United States. By arrangements which the Publishers have perfected, at great cost, with the most celebrated European Fashion Journals—particularly with the well-known BAZAR of Berlin—Illustrations of Fashions for each week of the year will appear in HARPER'S BAZAR simultaneously with their publication in Paris and Berlin; an advantage which will belong exclusively to this Journal.

In a country where *Three Hundred Millions of Dollars* are annually expended for dry goods to be transformed into Articles of Dress, trustworthy and practical instructions as to the most tasteful and economical methods of fashioning these things become of the greatest value to American women. The BAZAR will contain full and explicit Instructions, with Illustrations, which will enable every Lady Reader to cut and make her own and her children's entire wardrobe, with a large portion of her husband's. Each alternate Number will be accompanied with large Pattern Plates, containing from Forty to Fifty Full-sized Patterns, applicable to every article of wardrobe made in the family, with the necessary Directions for cutting and making. Similar Illustrations and Descriptions of Fancy Work will also be furnished. These Patterns will be executed in Paris and Berlin, and will surpass anything of the kind hitherto produced in this country. Frequently an elegant Colored Fashion Plate will be presented with the paper. Practical Descriptions will also be given of the Fashions especially in vogue in New York—the centre of Fashion in America.

HARPER'S BAZAR, besides being the leading Fashion Journal in this country, will also aim to present before its readers the very best specimens of Household Literature. It will contain original and selected Serial Stories, Poetry, Novelettes, Articles on the Topics of the Day (excluding Politics), on Books, Art, Morals, Familiar Science, Education, Amusements, Hygiene, Etiquette, Housekeeping, Gardening, with Home and Foreign Gossip. No subject of Household interest will be excluded from its columns.

HARPER'S BAZAR will contain 16 folio pages, of the size of HARPER'S WEEKLY, printed on superfine calendered paper, and will be published weekly, at ten cents per single number or four dollars per year.

. Ladies in the country will be supplied gratuitously through the mails with the FIRST SIX NUMBERS OF HARPER'S BAZAR upon written application to the Publishers.

Postage, Five Cents for Three Months.

Single Subscribers will be supplied from the beginning to the end of the year 1868, which will complete the first volume, for the yearly price of four dollars.

An extra copy will be supplied gratis for every club of five subscribers, at four dollars each, in one remittance; or, six copies for twenty dollars.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, Oct., 1867.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

D. VAN NOSTRAND,

192 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPHERICAL ASTRONOMY. By F. Brunnnow, Ph.D. Translated by the author from the second German edition. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, \$6 50.

SYSTEM OF ANALYTIC MECHANICS. By Benjamin Pierce, Perkins Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in Harvard University. 1 vol. 4to, cloth, \$10.

MINIFIE'S MECHANICAL DRAWING. A Text-Book of Geometrical Drawing for the use of mechanics and schools. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, \$4.

MINIFIE'S GEOMETRICAL DRAWING; abridged from the above work for the use of schools. 12mo, \$1 50.

LIMES, HYDRAULIC CEMENTS, AND MORTARS. By Q. A. Gillmore, A.M. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, \$4.

RAILWAY PRACTICE IN THE ECONOMIC GENERATION OF STEAM. By Alexander L. Holley, B.P., with 77 plates. 1 vol. folio, cloth, \$12.

Together with a large stock of Mining and Engineering works.

. Any of the above sent free by mail on receipt of price.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,

BOSTON.

WILL PUBLISH THIS WEEK:

Addresses and Speeches on Various Occasions, from 1852 to 1867.

By ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

8vo, cloth, \$3 50.

Speeches and Papers relating to the Rebellion and the Overthrow of Slavery.

By GEORGE B. BOUTWELL.

12mo, cloth, \$3 50.

A NEW BOOK.

MADELAINE DARTH:

A STRANGE LIFE EPISODE.

In paper, price 50 cents.

Send for it to THE AGE MAGAZINE, P. O. Box 160, Chicago, Ill.

THREE NEW EDITIONS

OF THE

WORKS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

To be issued in monthly volumes, beginning with October.

N.B.—For publishing these editions, founded on the "PERENNIAL POPULARITY OF IRVING," see prospectus. The first volume, BRACEBRIDGE HALL, is published this day, viz.:

KNICKERBOCKER EDITION. Illustrated. \$2 25.

RIVERSIDE EDITION. \$1 75.

PEOPLE'S EDITION. \$1 25.

1. THE KNICKERBOCKER (large-paper) EDITION, on superfine laid paper, full size, 12mo, with illustrations. Elegantly printed and bound in extra cloth, gilt top. Price to subscribers for the whole set, \$2 25 per volume; half calf extra, \$3 75.

. This edition will be sold only to subscribers for the whole set. It will be the best edition for libraries and for the centre-table.

2. THE RIVERSIDE EDITION—on fine white paper, in 16mo. The whole set will be newly stereotyped in the same elegant manner as in the volumes already issued. These will be re-issued and continued in monthly volumes until completed. Green crape cloth, gilt top, bevelled edges, \$1 75 per vol.

3. THE PEOPLE'S EDITION—from the same stereotypes as the above, but printed on cheaper paper and neatly bound in cloth, price \$1 25 per vol.

. In this edition these favorite works are now presented in a readable and attractive shape and at a very moderate price.

. THE SUNNYSIDE EDITION is now published complete in 23 vols. 12mo, cloth, price \$2 50 per vol., or in half calf, \$4 per vol.

N.B.—The attention of the Trade is especially invited to these several editions. Enterprising booksellers can readily take orders for whole sets to be delivered in monthly volumes.

The next volumes will be WOLFERT'S ROOST, Oct. 15; SKETCH BOOK, Nov. 15; so on, with Magazines on the 15th of each month.

C. P. PUTNAM & SON, Publishers,

NEW YORK.

. 500 Canvassers wanted.

SPIEGEL MEERSCHAUM.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

Messrs. Kaldenberg & Son, the oldest and most extensive manufacturers in the United States, who received the FIRST MEDAL at the American Institute, 1865, are the only American exhibitors at the Paris Exposition of the celebrated Spiegel Meerschaum Pipes, Cigar-holders, and Amber Works.

Monograms, Portraits, etc., cut to order from this fine material, which no other house has or keeps for sale.

N.B.—All our goods are stamped, warranted to color well, and satisfaction given or no sale. Repairing, Boiling, etc., in superior style.

. Send for Circular.

We are next to Broadway, 4 and 6 John Street, Up-Stairs, First Floor.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

OF

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

PHILADELPHIA.

"Onida's" New Novel, entitled

UNDER TWO FLAGS.

By the author of Idalia, Chandos, Randolph Gordon, Strathmore, Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, Granville de Vigne, etc., etc. Complete in 1 vol. 12mo, containing 652 pages, neatly bound in cloth, price \$2.

THE GLOBE BULWER.

Bulwer's Novels. Globe Edition. Printed in large type, on tinted paper, with engraved frontispiece to each volume, and handsomely bound in green morocco cloth, price per vol. \$1 50.

Now Ready, each complete in one neat 16mo volume:

THE CANTONS: A FAMILY PICTURE.

PELHAM; OR, ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN.

EUGENE ARAM: A TALE.

THE LAST OF THE BARONS.

DEVEREUX: A TALE.

All the remaining volumes are stereotyped and will be published in rapid succession.

DIVINE LOVE AND WISDOM.

Angelic Philosophy of the Divine Love and Wisdom. By Emanuel Swedenborg. From the original Latin, as edited by Dr. J. F. I. Tafel. Translated by R. N. Foster. 1 vol. demt 8vo, cloth extra, price \$3.

MISSOURI IN '67.

Missouri as it is in 1867. An Illustrated Historical Gazetteer of Missouri, embracing the Geography, History, Resources, and Prospects; the Mineralogical and Agricultural Wealth and Advantages; the Population, Business Statistics, Public Institutions, etc., of each County of the State, The New Constitution, the Emancipation Ordinance, and important facts concerning "Free Missouri." An original article on Geology, Mineralogy, Soils, etc., by Prof. G. C. Swallow. Also, special articles on Climate, Grape Culture, Hemp, and Tobacco. Illustrated with numerous original engravings. By Nathan H. Parker, author of Iowa as it is, etc., etc. Complete in one volume, Royal 8vo, cloth, price \$3 50.

THREE ENGLISH STATESMEN.

Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt. A Course of Lectures on the Political History of England. By Goldwin Smith. 1 vol. 12mo, extra cloth.

EDUCATIONAL.

Elements of Art Criticism. A Text-Book for Schools and Colleges and a Hand-Book for Amateurs and Artists. By G. W. Samson, D.D., President of Columbian College, Washington, D. C. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, price \$3 50.

This work comprises a treatise on the Principles of Man's Nature as addressed by Art, together with a historic survey of the Methods of Art Execution in the departments of Drawing, Sculpture, Architecture, Painting, Landscape Gardening, and the Decorative Arts. *The Round Table* says: "The work is uncontestedly one of great as well as unique value."

Manual of Elementary Logic. Designed especially for the use of Teachers and Learners. By Lyman H. Atwater, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the College of New Jersey. Small 12mo, cloth, price \$1 50.

Student's Practical Chemistry. A Text-Book for Colleges and Schools on Chemical Physics, including Heat, Light, and Electricity. Illustrated with over 160 wood-cuts. By Henry Morton, Ph.D., and Albert R. Leeds, A.M. 12mo, fine cloth, \$2.

IN PRESS AND NEARLY READY.

Fighting the Flames: A TALE OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE. By R. M. Ballantyne, author of The Wild Man of the West, The Coral Islands, The Red Eric, etc. With illustrations.

The Story of Waldemar Krone's Youth. By H. F. Ewald, author of The Norelby Family, Johannes Falk, etc.

A Practical Treatise on Shock after Surgical Operations and Injuries. By Edwin Morris, M.D.

The Restoration at the Second Coming of Christ. A Summary of Millenarian Doctrines. By Henry A. Riley. With an Introduction by Rev. J. A. Selsa, D.D. 12mo.

Practical Anatomy. By D. Hayes Agnew, M.D. Second edition, revised, 12mo.

. For sale by booksellers generally, or will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,

PHILADELPHIA.

The Editors are happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but they cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will they hold interviews or correspondence respecting them.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1867.

REPUBLICAN LEADERS.

NAPOLEON the Great said that Providence was always on the side of the heaviest battalions, and Abraham Lincoln said that right makes might, but history contradicts both sayings so frequently as almost to reduce them to the rank of glittering generalities. Whenever a good cause is lost by bad advocacy or a bad cause is won by good advocacy, whenever an able general overcomes numbers with brains or a poor general is beaten by the multitude of his own resources, these two famous apothegms are shorn of their force; and when we remember how often the peculiar experience of their enunciators brought home to them respectively the reality of the two latter exemplifications, we wonder that they ever allowed themselves to be epigrammatic on such a subject at all. In the late contest between the North and South we suppose it is now prudent to admit in public, what every educated soldier on either side has long affirmed in private, that decided superiority of officers, from the beginning to the middle of the struggle, preserved the balance against an otherwise overwhelming weight of battalions, an equilibrium that might have been maintained to the present time had no such leaders as Sherman and Grant and Sheridan thrown their swords into the Northern scale. The truth is, that "right makes might" is a very good inspirer for a slender force, like that of Leonidas, for example, while its converse, the moral equivalent of the heavy battalion adage, is at least as good for an army like that of Xerxes. "Confidence," says the persuasive far-dealer, "wins the game;" and confidence means dependence upon what marches in the van, whether ideas or men; the latter at imminent crises making the most difference, as was seen upon a certain occasion in the Shenandoah when there was much more inspiration and electricity in the name of Phil. Sheridan than ever was found in the war-cry of Freedom to the Slave.

That which any cause needs for success, and that which a democracy always does its best to so circumvent nature as not to produce, is *men*. They are evolved, it is true, in great emergencies, like the typical Pallas from the head of Zeus; but the community goes through many an exhausting spasm, perchance many a bloody throes, before the prayed-for evolution comes. Prayed for because the demos is as timid in danger as insolent in security, and cries out for the pre-eminence in time of war which it hated and repressed in time of peace. This principle requires no proof as regards war, for the late illustration was colossal and, so far at least as this century is concerned, indelible. We are, however, now passing through a phase which exhibits as clearly if less startlingly the application of the principle to politics and statesmanship. We have nothing to say at present about might and right in connection with parties. Many excellent people think that on the Republican side lie all the right and all the might, and many no less excellent people believe that the Republicans have very little of the former and will soon have as little of the latter. We agree in the opinion that Republican strength is on the wane, although Democrats will be wise not to discount too hastily the profits of reaction; the point of view, however, from which we at present regard the subject includes neither its ethical nor its economical aspects, but simply what seems to us a striking, if little heeded, cause of Republican declension. As we see it, then, a signal reason for the growing weakness of this lately powerful party—a reason disconnected with the incidental unpopularity of some of its measures proposed or accomplished—lies in a singular deficiency in certain sorts of ability among its members. Like the Union armies in the first years of the war, the Republican party lacks leaders. It has plenty of skill and training in this or that direction, plenty of education,

of conscientiousness, and of patriotism; but it has not produced, and seems incapable of producing, individuals of those broad, salient, and commanding powers who seem to us, perhaps incorrectly, essential to the effectiveness and longevity of a political organization.

The Republicans have vast numerical forces in the shape of respectable mannikins; good, worthy, well-intentioned little men whose existence is an honor to themselves and to the country, but who are incapable of thinking a great thought, of making a great speech, of doing a great deed, or of devising a great policy. They have, at all events, done none of these things, and therefore justify the inference. As a party they lack blood, and produce of late, whether in rostrum, press, or pulpit, a certain impression of intellectual flabbiness which reminds one of an oyster out of season. They oscillate vaguely between the priggish egotisms of their Boston wing and the bulbous vaticinations of their strongest New York one in a manner that implies weakness of purpose, want of settled conviction, and an utter absence of initiative or originality. In the meantime, of the few Republican leaders who may be claimed as exceptions to this rule, Mr. Phillips has exhausted the possible limits of extravagantrodomontade and produces no more effect on the jaded public ear than cayenne does on an East Indian's stomach; Mr. Greeley has gathered his full harvest of laughs and sneers from the galleries of the Convention and has no other immediate opportunity to make himself either prominent or ridiculous; Mr. Butler, on the principle of the fox in the fable who lost his tail, is endeavoring to persuade the nation to become dishonest. Mr. Conkling, who has been hailed in some quarters as a coming man of the Republicans, makes a speech which ought to make them wish him a going one. These gentlemen, although all men of talent in their way and conspicuous representatives of their party, evince each in his individual fashion a want of commanding ability as well as show the existence of that apathy or moral paralysis, to which we have before alluded as creeping over the Republican party. Neither is strong enough for a first-rate statesman, while all have more *color*, more individuality, than most of those behind them. They, therefore, exhibit the pallor and characterlessness of the mass they represent while serving as tests or measures of its intellectual deficiency. It may be urged that the Democratic party is also deficient in genuinely powerful leaders. Perhaps this is true; but we must remember that the Republican party has been triumphantly successful, and is or should be in all the vigor of assured strength and prosperity; that it has offered itself to the people as the Moses who is to lead them up to the promised land; that, like all new, glowing, and progressive things, it might be expected to attract a large proportion of the budding and promising among the national youth; and that, in fine, it has placed itself in a position wherein its pretensions and achievements are closely scanned, and wherein discrepancies are, as under the circumstances they should be, jealously criticised.

The Republican party still has heavy battalions and honestly thinks, no doubt, that right as well as might is on its side; but, unless it can manage to get stronger leaders than it now has, its defeat and disintegration will become simply a question of time. Nor will the time be long. The country at large cannot defer the hour of reconstruction, amity, prosperity, and endurable taxation for an indefinite term until the now dominant party shall produce its political Sheremans and Sheridans to bring matters to an issue and strike order out of chaos. Before such another four years with their burdens and uncertainties should have expired, the prophesied Man on Horseback would be likely to enforce a settlement favorable to order if not to liberty. The difficulties that face the Republican party, which stands, like Frankenstein, with its monster, the emancipated black, for ever by its side, are great no doubt, and hence its need for great men to cope with them. It is not easy to see how, with the unstatesmanlike and commonplace leaders who now direct its movements, and between whom there is scarcely more choice than in a row of pins, it is long to retain its tenure of

power: especially if, as now seems probable, it proves unable to command a monopoly of eligible military chieftains among whom to select a candidate for the presidential chair.

REVENUE FRAUDS.

IT is time that the subject of revenue frauds were fully understood by the people. To charge all blame for it upon the incapacity or dishonesty of Republican office-holders, as the Democratic journals do almost daily, will not suffice. It is a partisan manoeuvre and can work no relief. When the whole system is wrong and rotten, the mere change in the persons administering it mends nothing. The blamers and the blamed only change their places and occupation, the evil remains and will often even increase. In the discussion and management of this grave question both political parties, their public representatives and leading organs, show very little of statesmanlike wisdom or practical political science. In Congress and out of it, in the finance department of the government, on the hustings, and in the editorial chair all over the land the crudest notions prevail in regard to this matter, and it is no wonder that, from the highest to the lowest, our public functionaries are all at sea and that they are forced to admit that frauds on the revenue increase beyond their ability to prevent them. To seize a distillery here, to expose the malpractices of a dishonest official there, is, as a matter of punishment in individual cases, all very well; but no effectual and lasting remedy can we expect from even a still more vigilant and keen-eyed supervision by revenue boards and the like. The cause of the evil lies deeper than in the mere occasional maladministration of the system, and we shall try to point it out.

Were we out of debt the remedy would be most simple, *i. e.*, to abolish all internal revenue laws and excise duties. But this we cannot, dare not, do. We have consented to a huge debt, we must consent to be heavily taxed for its payment. Pay we must; and in order to do so we must all yield a proportionate share of our earnings to discharge liabilities our government incurred for the common benefit. Nothing less should we be willing to give, but nothing more should be exacted from us. There is no formula in arithmetic or algebra by which taxes can be calculated and adjusted in advance so exactly that the subsequent returns should precisely cover the public needs and no more. But the rule, as we put it, holds good in general, nevertheless, and ought to be carefully adhered to in the framing of a tax-law and the gauging of its rates. We have not the room, nor would this be the proper place, to publish an exhaustive essay on the elementary principles of internal taxation. We will content ourselves, therefore, by merely referring to this rule and also to that other one, that whatever is included among necessities of life for the great mass of a people ought to be burdened but lightly in comparison with luxuries, which may pay more heavily. But even if these rules be strictly observed and the rates of taxation balanced never so nicely, it is not all that is required to ensure their prompt and safe collection. Account should be taken of the general cupidity of man. It is unfortunately the fact that, in spite of all our undoubted advance in civilization and social refinement, and, perhaps, as the result from it, man's greed for money is on the increase. It is not only in Yankeeland that the dollar is held to be almighty. "Get what you can, and keep what you get," is a popular motto elsewhere as well as here. The thousand herd of cattle driven through the gates of Verona six times and counted and paid for by the Austrian government as six thousand is only an instance of what man will do to get money. After the war in Italy, in 1859, an Austrian general was convicted of the most startling connivance at corruption in the commissary department, and an Austrian finance minister, Baron Bruck, committed suicide because—but we will not repeat the suspicions popularly current at the time. This tendency in man toward evil ways to enrich himself is not the growth of our own time. Philip of Macedon said that no city was so well enclosed and defended but that a mule bearing bags of gold could enter it. Judas Iscariot in biblical, Judas Lopez in recent secular history, sold their masters for money,

and why should a whiskey inspector in New York be above temptation? All our penal statutes are founded upon the ascertained fact that man, at times, will allow evil instincts to overpower his better nature. It may not redound to the honor of the human race to say it, but say it we must, for it is true, that the practical statesman will so frame his legislation as to keep in view this tendency for money-getting and prevent fraud by abstaining to tempt people into committing it for the sake of immoderate gain.

It seems as if our own internal revenue laws were gotten up with a directly opposite view. Instead of removing they increase temptation. Honest men are nearly driven from the pursuit of certain branches of industry, and thus part of the business of the country is thrown into the hands of rogues and sharpers. Excessive duties on foreign imports cripple the regular international trade, while fraudulent traffic or smuggling will increase and flourish in the same proportion as the other suffers. In like manner an inordinately high excise will tempt to fraudulent evasions of the law, and, while corrupting the public conscience, bring little or no benefit to the public treasury. Were the tax on whiskey reduced to fifty cents per gallon, and at that rate imposed on the capacity of the still by way of monthly or quarterly licenses in advance, we are sure the whole country would feel relieved. The moral sense of the people would cease to be shocked by daily exposures of such corrupt venality as has seldom been witnessed since the day Sir Robert Walpole governed England upon the maxim that "every man has his price," or the time, now long past, that an honest official in Russia was the rarest curiosity in that vast empire. That man would be considered a fool who should leave his money scattered around loose in his house, and very few servants, even those with the best of "characters" for their whole life, could resist the temptation to filch. It is exactly this which the internal revenue laws are doing with regard to the collection of the tax on some of the most important branches of manufacture, and none should wonder that there are many revenue officers unable to withstand the easy opportunity to make their "fortune" thus purposely, as it were, thrown in their way.

Our whole internal revenue machinery is viciously cumbrous. The same mechanical law which pronounces against a too complicated contrivance as unfit for useful service is equally applicable to governmental affairs. The more you simplify your administration the better, the smoother it will work, and, what is of more importance to us now, the cheaper. It has been stated that the list of articles liable to federal taxation embraces sixteen thousand objects. In no country on the globe, we venture to assert, was there ever known such a sweeping imposition. It is wholly objectionable not on the ground alone of being too extensive and too irksome for the people and too cumbersome for the revenue officers, but also for the further and especial reason that it imposes cumulative taxes, so that, as a necessary consequence, the same article is taxed two, three, or more times as it passes through different shapes of manufacture in the same or different hands. Sound political economy teaches that, of all things, such a system should be avoided; for, if strictly enforced, it is too burdensome for any nation to bear up under. Hence it gives rise to the desire to evade its exactions by concealment and fraud, exposes the officers to bribery, and, in the end, leads the public mind to believe that the interests of the government are opposed to those of the people, to consider all its demands upon them as unjust, and to think it right to evade them by any means self-interest may suggest.

However, we very much fear that even were all the lessons of experience heeded in the revision of our revenue system and the whole simplified, still the evil of which everybody now complains would not be entirely abated. So long as our present system of appointing administrative officers is continued we shall never get rid of bribery and fraud. Now and then this or that journal enters upon a comparison of the percentage it takes to collect the whole of the revenue of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and what the same service costs the United States, and some occasionally philosophize upon the absence there of all those gross defraudments of the

revenue, with the connivance of the officers, which are our sore experience here. Such comparison, if made at all, ought not to stop there. If we propose to learn by what other nations have found profitable, we must investigate the subject fully and not superficially. Probably in no country does the collection of revenue cost so small a percentage as in Prussia, and perhaps nowhere else are the taxes so promptly paid and returned. In all the other European countries, excepting Russia, we believe the expense of collection is less in proportion to the sum collected than in the United States; in England, we think, it is a slight percentage more. The salaries of revenue officers are small compared with those paid in this country, the clerks in the collector's office here receiving better pay than most of the collectors themselves in Europe. And yet cases of bribery, of collusion between these poorly-paid revenue officers and tradespeople or manufacturers, are as rare as thunder-storms in mid-winter. Attempts to defraud the revenue are not so rare, but are generally detected and frustrated by official vigilance.

Why is this? Are Europeans, as a rule, more honest than Americans? Are they less subject to the influences which move the rest of humanity? By no means. They are neither better nor worse than men with human instincts, motives, and passions which differ in no way from those of our own collectors, assessors, and inspectors. But their governments treat them in a manner widely different from that of the United States toward their employees. There the temptation of temporary profit from bribes and dishonesty is outweighed by the assurance of lasting and permanent benefits from honesty and fidelity. In other words, the officer knows that by being honest and faithful he will retain his place for life, be raised to higher grades and better pay in due course of promotion, and may attain even the highest position in the service. He has thus every inducement not to risk his tenure of office by the least fault of his own. To prove that the same causes produce like effects, we need only to look upon that part of our public service where the same system prevails. In no other branch is our government so promptly, ably, and conscientiously served as in the army and navy. No matter where you put an officer of either—place him in the regular line of his duty or on any other service, the public interest, the public moneys, in short, the public business, is safe in his hands. The movement, begun in the U. S. Senate and which we hope will eventually succeed, to put the management of our Indian relations back again in charge of the War Department, or, in other words, into the hands of the military, is but an admission of the truth of the charge that the whole system of our civil service is a complete failure and ought to be abandoned. The axiom, "To the victors belong the spoils," was a pernicious doctrine to introduce in American politics. It is certainly as nothing to the importer whether his piece of silk or cask of wine is appraised at the custom-house by a Democrat or a Republican, or whether the amount of duties he pays over the counter is entered by an admirer of General Butler or a follower of President Johnson. If the business be done well, it is of no interest to the public what political opinions the person may profess who does it.

Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, has proposed a change, and we have taken occasion in these columns to comment upon his plan. We will not now reopen that question, but must remark that the daily discovery of immense frauds perpetrated upon the revenue with the purchased aid of revenue officers is, to our mind, the best proof that permanent tenure of office during good behavior, down even to the lowest grades, coupled with the other reforms mentioned, would be one of the surest means to prevent in future similar outrageous malfeasance. The political bruiser who knows how to manage a ward meeting, can "fix" nominating conventions and control those of his own kith in an election district, may be a desirable help-mate to an aspiring candidate, but certainly is out of place in a revenue or customs office. We do not wish to be understood as implying that all the subordinate appointees in our civil service are of this class. There are a large number of high-minded, able, and efficient gentlemen among them. But even they will agree

with us that the control of selfish politicians over all incumbents of public offices is hurtful in the extreme. With competitive examinations, the tenure of office made permanently dependent on capacity and fidelity alone, a sure prospect of promotion, and all sudden changes from political considerations made impossible, our civil service would very soon attain to the same perfection, respectability, and trustworthiness as that of any country in Europe. We need it. The material interests of the country demand a higher degree of stability and acquired experience in the management of the routine business of the several departments of government than they now have. If the present system is retained, the dangerous tendency to seek lower and lower for the base of political power, even down among the most ignorant and degraded, will soon contaminate every avenue through which government exerts authority. And if the much-needed change be not made in time, republican government itself may sink in the surge of political profligacy and reckless corruption which even now threatens to overwhelm it.

THE WIDOW OF LINCOLN.

THE American people have had within the past five years many things to blush for, some with pride and some with shame, but we doubt whether anything has occurred of a minor character which will be so keenly and universally felt as the late unfortunate publicity which has been given to the pecuniary situation of Mrs. Lincoln, together with the circumstances attending its revelation. Were it not for the fact that nearly every newspaper in the country has already published the humiliating details of this national misfortune, we should abstain out of delicate considerations from alluding to it. As the case stands, however, the widow of the murdered President has deliberately appealed to public judgment to decide the merits of an issue between herself and certain gentlemen whom she charges with being substantially responsible for the necessity which has placed her in her present position. Mrs. Lincoln has offered for public sale certain jewels, silks, shawls, laces, furs, and other costly articles of personal attire in order, as she says, to relieve necessities too urgent for delay and for which she finds herself unable by any other means to provide. The lady adds that certain gentlemen, whom she designates by name as Messrs. Seward, Weed, Raymond, and Wakeman, were chiefly instrumental in preventing the formerly contemplated appropriation by Congress and in defeating the alternative suggestion for a national popular subscription, either of which the known circumstances in which Mr. Lincoln's family were left would have made suitable and acceptable; and that, moreover, these gentlemen have behaved with the basest ingratitude to the widow and children of a man from whom they asked and received so many favors. The form in which all this is brought before the public eye is that of letters to the man of business to whom Mrs. Lincoln had entrusted the sale of her effects; and these letters are published on the ostensible ground that, as the broker had failed to dispose of them to advantage, notwithstanding a well-grounded rumor prevailed as to their ownership, it was not only thought expedient but became absolutely necessary to invite sympathy and attention by frank and extended publicity. Before this step was taken it is stated that various prominent Republicans had been applied to unsuccessfully for counsel and assistance, and that the number included several prominent and wealthy office-holders who were partly indebted to the influence of the lady for their positions.

As we write, only one of the individuals stigmatized by Mrs. Lincoln has made any specific reply to her charges. Mr. Thurlow Weed, in the columns of *The Commercial Advertiser*, says, to quote his own language:

"We learned, several days since, that the presents which Mrs. Lincoln received—under what circumstances we will not enquire—were with a broker in this city for sale. Hoping that a fact so mortifying would not transpire, we were silent. It now seems that she directed the broker, Mr. Brady (who, we believe, has acted in accordance with his instructions) to have the proposed sale 'largely advertised.' That wish is 'largely' gratified in the shameful article we

refer to.* Inasmuch, therefore, as Mrs. Lincoln, who, it appears, has visited the city twice under assumed names, seeks notoriety, we submit the correspondence."

Mr. Weed proceeds elsewhere in the same article to afford what he thinks a satisfactory explanation of affairs:

"If the American Congress or the American people have failed to meet the pecuniary expectations of Mr. Lincoln's widow, it is because that personage failed, during his life and since his death, to inspire either with respect or confidence. They should not, therefore, be subjected to the reproach, or rest under the imputation, of ingratitude. Had Mrs. Lincoln, while in power, borne herself becomingly, the suggestion of a Lincoln fund, by voluntary contributions, would have been promptly responded to. The national heart was warm. It gushed out in liberal endowments for Grant and Farragut. It would as cheerfully have met the appeal in favor of Mrs. Lincoln if it had not intuitively closed and chilled."

Mr. Weed's syntax is a little cloudy, but this, after reading Mrs. Lincoln's letters which, in the original text, precede the last quotation, may readily be understood and excused. His view, as regards the general estimate of the treatment of Mrs. Lincoln by the nation, appears to be largely coincided in by the contemporary press. It is quite possible that he may have a personal animus which is disconnected with moral or æsthetic considerations; but still, as his explanation of the case is so widely received and endorsed, it is needless in examining it to go into the question of the veteran editor's individual motives for accepting or promulgating it. We must observe, then, regarding the question in a broad and general sense, and with all deference to opposite convictions, that this explanation seems to us to cover a weak and an ungenerous if not a silly fallacy.

It is perhaps natural enough in a republican country that this idea of treating people as it were in a mathematical manner, according to their exact personal deserts as estimated by the average voice, should be carried rather far; but in the present case it has been carried to a degrading extreme. With the merits or demerits of the President's widow as a woman we have nothing to do and of them we have nothing to say; and we submit that this is the manner in which the subject should have been treated by all from first to last. Were the lady shamelessly and notoriously profligate the matter might be different, but such an allegation is, of course, out of the question. That which is done or which ought to have been done for Mrs. Lincoln should not be regarded as a token of personal regard for her, but as a token of gratitude, reverence, and respect for the memory of the personage who, while at the post of duty, in his august position at the head of this great nation, was struck down by the assassin and who left his wife and family, whatever their personal qualities, to the generosity of the American people. It is the country which is humiliated and not Mrs. Lincoln by a niggardliness which is so unworthy and so pitiable. Mr. Weed says that the articles which she offers for sale were presents, and implies that they were indelicately received as equivalents for the exertion of Mrs. Lincoln's influence. Suppose this were a demonstrable truth instead of a hazardous allegation, would the fact make it less easy in so mortifying a manner to part with these gifts? or, to come at once to the heart of the mystery, was it more disgraceful to receive than to offer them? We cannot too often remember that the pay of our Chief Magistrate and, indeed, that of all our leading officials is far too small. The President should receive one hundred thousand dollars a year. Had it been such in this case the present humiliating spectacle might have been spared. We are far from wishing to imply that the wives of officials are justified in receiving presents because their husbands' salaries are small; but human nature is human nature, and the fault is certainly less reprehensible in such a case than it would be if the salaries were adequate. The expenses of living in Mr. Lincoln's time were, as they still are, vastly in excess of what such expenses were at the time the amount of the presidential salary was fixed

upon. The condition of the murdered President's affairs at his death was at once honorable to himself and discreditable to the rich country which required his services so ill. Mr. Lincoln was a highly exceptional man, and the social and educational disadvantages under which he labored did not prevent his natural abilities from being displayed with signal credit to his exalted station. Nevertheless, it would be fatuous to imagine that men of such extraction and breeding are always to be like him. He rose with the situation because he was a very uncommon person; but we have no right to be disappointed if each and every member of his family did not rise with him. It is painful to many of us to believe that Mrs. Lincoln is neither a highly educated nor a remarkably cautious woman; but she is the widow of a great man, one whose memory will be cherished as long as this nation has a history, and it is more unfortunate for the country than for herself that this unhappy exposure should have been permitted to be made, or, rather, that there ever existed any occasion for it.

TALK AS AN END.

M. TAINE in his new book of essays on his countrymen classifies the race under four divisions—"les amoureux, les ambitieux, les observateurs, les imbéciles. Les plus heureux," he adds, "sont les imbéciles." To no other characteristic are the imbeciles so much indebted for their own happiness and for the dislike of the rational among their fellow-creatures as to their adroitness to talk for the sake of talking. Of course there are exceptional reticent imbeciles—some from being even too stupid to talk, and some from a consciousness, for which we all have reason to be thankful, like that of the clown who, when pressed as to the cause of his silence, explained that his father had enjoined him to keep his mouth shut that people might not know that he was a fool. As a rule, however, the imbecile is a babbler, and from the necessity of the case his babblement belongs to the generically meaner kind of talk.

All talk, regardless of exacter definitions, may be broadly divided into two categories—talk as a means toward something beyond it, and talk as an end which, by the fact of its being, accomplishes all it is designed for and which has no further aim than *pour passer le temps*. Talk of the former class is obviously of the higher order. By being essential to every-day life and to the progress of the smallest affairs as well as the most momentous, talk with an ulterior intent gains a right to existence. It may be extremely uninteresting to unaffected hearers, and it may, regarded as talk, be of a very poor quality, but so long as there is a possibility or a purpose that something shall come of it its toleration is incumbent upon us. Similar considerations must be extended toward much of that which lies upon the confines of the two divisions. It is, for instance, often hard to determine whether what one hears at church be talk as a means or talk as an end. On the one hand, it is pretty clear in most cases that the parson makes his sermon because it has come to be the thing to make sermons and custom exacts it of him, so that on this showing we might make the less favorable disposition of it. But then, it is to be remembered that, theoretically at least, it is talk as a means and is liable at any time to actually become so. Thus, on the whole, even in cases where the transparency of the fiction is obvious alike to the bores and to the bored and both are mutually aware that it is so to the other, it is expedient in the interests of society to continue to endure—the more since by practice one easily acquires that power of dissimulation which enables him to give the outward and visible signs of interest and attention while his mind is devising occupation for itself, while after all it has the advantage over ordinary talk that our ignorance of what it is all about will not be exposed to our confusion. In fine, all talk which is in any degree a means toward something has, as it were, a *civis Romanus sum* kind of title to a hearing before it be condemned.

We are not, however, to be understood as arguing that all talk which cannot prove its place under the first division is therefore unjustifiable. Small-talk, on the contrary, which is distinctly of the second species, is one of the necessary elements of life. Where without it there would be a vacuum it is even a resource to be glad of. It is, besides, a needed relaxation for men habitually burdened with cares, worn and weary, and who derive substantial benefit from judiciously abandoning themselves to wholesome nonsense. Intrinsic excellence in some respect is nevertheless essential to ensure its justification. Brilliancy, wit, sparkle, fluency, ease—any one of a dozen minor adornments, if accompanied by tact and self-control, may atone for the absence of learning or

other solid foundation and banish all approach to the commonplace. To persons who can rely upon themselves to satisfy these conditions small-talk is more than permissible. But such persons are rare. Power to converse is less an accomplishment than an art, and an art almost as unattainable by those whom nature has denied it as the poet's. In its fulness—in such perfection, that is, as it was enjoyed by Johnson, or Sheridan, or Coleridge, or Sydney Smith, or, on Dr. Holmes's showing, by the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table—it is something which all of us ordinary men may consider as far beyond our reach as the ability to write an immortal epic. But because we cannot adorn whatever we touch we are not under a necessity of abstaining from the touching for fear of making a mess of it. There are those, we may remember for our consolation, who are above the necessity of talking well. Be they never so inarticulate, men who have that to say which the world is anxious to hear will always find attentive listeners. The case in which the duty of silence is imperative is where one at once has nothing to say and no capacity for saying anything. It is on account of his inability to realize this and to comprehend that the position is his own, that the imbecile becomes by his speech a constant source of offence. A gentleman, however unintellectual, can never be a bore, because the tact and breeding which are essential to make him a gentleman constitute an effectual restraint from asserting himself to the displeasure of others.

It is only in the imbeciles that the full atrocity of unameliorated aimless talk can develop itself. Having no minds of their own to be affected, it is, in the nature of things, impossible for them to realize how they affect the minds of others, so with the utmost kindness of heart they unsuspectingly badger their fellow-beings almost beyond the limits of endurance. A single utterance is sufficient to betray one of these creatures—a voice sharp, shrill, rasping, or strident; a key and intonation of it that immediately awakens the goose-flesh of a sensitive mind, and are as painful to the ear as the penetrating rumble of an organ's diapason or of the blower to a locomotive; a momentum, so to say, of utterance that is certain to carry the speaker through an indeterminate vista of inane, inchoate efforts at the expression of vague conceptions which you know in advance how to state succinctly in a dozen words. From such indications we know instinctively what is to follow. The imbecile may talk shop in some of its many forms. He may talk conjectural platitudes on subjects to which he has given no thought because he has no thought to give, but which we have been over exhaustively, and have left behind, as stepping-stones to things much higher, the conclusions, far beyond his reach, which we must now follow him in vaguely groping after. Above all, he will have that utter destitution of reticence which allows fools to rush in where angels dare not tread, and will so thrust himself into your affairs that, even where there is no particular reason for privacy, we keenly resent the impertinence of his uninvited obtrusion, and feel that the offender has no means of knowing that he is not disclosing some skeleton we would carefully conceal. By things of this sort, by their very volubility, the disorganizing effects of their disjointed prate and jabber on a mind arranged for work, the imbeciles overwhelm one as by the shock of a douche bath and leave one in a nervous and prostrate condition, whence it is impossible to rally as one does from the exhaustion of productive intellectual exertion. The misery of the annoyance is enhanced by the very pettiness of it and the utter insignificance of the offender, as in the similar attacks of a musquito. Yet one, knowing that it is as much the imbeciles' nature and delight to act thus as it is the dog's to bark and bite, is reluctant to be cruel. We would gladly dismiss them as Uncle Toby did the fly, with the reflection that there is room enough in the world for us and them; but then arises the problem how we may so dismiss them, since to endure their attacks would be simply suicidal. The temptation is very strong to turn upon them as Dr. Johnson did upon his attendant imbecile, on one occasion when he had bored him beyond endurance. "I attempted," frankly records Boswell, "to continue the conversation. He was so provoked that he said: 'Give us no more of this,' and was thrown into such a state of agitation that he expressed himself in a way that alarmed and distressed me; showed an impatience that I should leave him, and when I was going away, called to me sternly, 'Don't let us meet to-morrow.'" A still more seductive expedient is that of overwhelming them with their own weapons, as Theodore Hook did the fishwives and Petruchio Katharina. But it is unpleasant to have recourse to these extreme measures, unless under the final exasperation of being made to talk in reply or of being victimized at a time when there are real demands upon one. There

* An article reciting the facts in question which had appeared in *The New York Herald* of the same date.

are few faculties more valuable than that in which people who have to deal much with loquacious imbeciles become very expert—that, namely, of silencing them without tangible demonstration, of dismissing them without making it apparent even to their own apprehension that they have been snubbed, of conclusively bowing them out in the manner which Dr. Holmes, we think it is, has happily likened to launching them stern-first into their native ocean of out-of-doors.

GEORGIO RONCONI.

AN intelligent stranger arriving in New York twenty years ago, and asking where he might best pass a vacant evening, would have been urged by every one he met to "go and see Burton." If in following this advice he had chanced to enter the theatre at the moment when Toodles, catching sight of the end of his cravat, fell into that profound perplexity whose many phases are among the happiest recollections of the New York play-goer, his astonishment would probably have been excited not so much by the strange being on the stage, as by the watchful and attentive audience who waited patiently for the gradual unfolding of a subtle thought, and were rewarded from time to time by new and unexpected strokes of a humor so fine, so evanescent, that only by a strict attention could its varying suggestions be fully enjoyed.

Burton was a studious man with great natural powers and scholarly tastes, a good tragic actor, and latterly a rare humorist, and, while developing his own style, he unconsciously educated his audience to its appreciation. Indeed, there is no instance of any actor, certainly not of any comic actor, acquiring a lasting reputation without playing for years in the same parts before an audience accustomed to his manner and thoroughly enjoying his peculiarities. That such may be the career in this city of the remarkable man whose name heads this article is greatly to be desired and reasonably to be hoped. To be sure there are difficulties; wit in a foreign language often loses by translation into our own, though sometimes, as we all know, the very strangeness of the words—their meaning once mastered—adds a piquancy to the idea they suggest; else we should not have so many needless foreign words domiciled in our language. Then there must be for a long time yet a large number of persons in every American audience who are disposed to resent the fact that so many celebrities come here when their physical powers are on the decline—quite forgetting that they themselves would be the last to receive with favor an artist whose reputation was yet to make—and who, being disappointed in the singer, will overlook the actor. Then, too, the unfortunate size of the Academy—a size at least three times as great as that of the theatre where Burton made his reputation, and twice as large as the one to which Madame Ristori has entrusted hers, causes the play of feature, the wonderful changes and gradations of expression, of which Ronconi is so great a master, to be for the majority of the audience less visible than is essential to appreciation. In truth, considering all these drawbacks and the troubled state of operatic affairs at the period of his arrival in the country, the wonder is not that the greatest living lyrical actor—for Ronconi is no less—should have made so far less sensation than corresponds with his great European renown, but that he should have been able to display his powers and command the admiration of his audience to the extent that he has.

For he is already highly appreciated. To begin with, every performer on the stage, every musician in the orchestra, every singer in the chorus, knows that he stands in the presence of one of the masters of his art; of a man whose well-earned fame adds glory to the profession to which he belongs, and they give place to him, and watch him with an admiration oddly dashed by a mortal fear lest the impulsive creature should do or say something which would put gravity at defiance and compromise the seriousness of their respective parts. This professional deference and the opinion of our travelled and foreign populations influence the public at large; but still more, good acting, superlatively fine acting, surely wins its way, and we already find people talking of "that wonderful Ronconi," of going not to the opera, but "to see Ronconi." We have heard objections made to his Lord Alcash as passing the bounds of legitimate comedy and becoming simply burlesque; but, besides that the accusation, even if true, is not a very heinous one, we ought to remember that Ronconi may excusably seize the opportunity afforded by the play of revenging the insults of three generations, and holding up to ridicule a class most deeply hated by his countrymen—the rich, vulgar English who flocked to see without understanding the monuments of a glorious past, and who believed that

Italians were unworthy of the blessings they themselves most prized, freedom and self-government. How little cause there was for this stupid contempt the last ten years have shown, and if any Anglo-Saxon, on either side of the Atlantic, would learn how inferior is his race to the Italian in grace, in fancy, in drollery unmingled with vulgarity, and in the source of all gaiety, a full tide of joyous vitality, let him call to mind the best comic songs he can think of in the English language, and then go and listen to *Largo al factotum*.

The claims of the tragic operas might be difficult to adjust; the enthronement of *Don Giovanni* would be barred by the more awful grandeur of *Fidelio*, and *William Tell* and *Robert* are each castled in the hearts of a thousand faithful retainers; but the *Barber of Seville* is confessedly the comic opera of the world. Never was there such a one before, and we have outlived the epoch at which another could be written. Burlesques, extravaganzas we may have, farces set to music, full of fun and noise and jollity, provoking laughter by the very insane incoherence of their droll juxtapositions; let us take such and be thankful for the distraction they afford; but a genuine comedy, truly painting the manners of its time, with characters distinct, humorous, and yet natural, and a story based on passions and events which are felt and which recur in each generation, the whole clothed in a thousand lovely melodies which the grinding of ten thousand organs and the shrieking of ten thousand school-girls have not been able to vulgarize or to wear out—that we shall never have again; and if the *Barber* is the first of comic operas, so is Ronconi beyond a doubt the finest of barbers. How he frisks and chirps and carols and enjoys the mere act of living! How his heart is laid bare before you and you see his happy vanity, his garrulous self-importance, his keen insight into the follies of others, and his hearty willingness to do them a good turn nevertheless! How his ceaseless activity fills up the scene and yet does not distract attention from what is going on, because of the point which is given to each transaction by his quick sympathies and astute comments. The shades of difference which Ronconi contrives to mark between two characters which in some respects are so nearly alike as the barber and Leporello, especially when, as happened last week, the two performances were given within twenty-four hours, evinces great subtlety of perception. Both men place their wits at the disposal of a social superior, but the barber is quite independent of his lordly patron, while poor Leporello vainly declares that he will no longer serve, tries to get away, and is afraid of a beating. There is a touch of pathos in Leporello all through which we do not see in the airy, self-satisfied barber, for Leporello in the most natural and human way sees the destruction to which his wilful lord is hastening, and which he is powerless to avert. When in the *Barber* the lovers will not be advised, and the angry guardian can no longer be prevented from detecting their *tête-à-tête*, Figaro is the very impersonation of fright; but when in *Don Giovanni* his worst forebodings are realized, and when the awful statue comes indeed to the door, it is fear, intense fear, which Leporello displays and so heightens the terror of the scene. Only a consummate artist could mark the difference.

Three requisites, at least, unite in the persons of all veritable actors: great sensibility, great power, and years of practice. That the former is often a misery to its possessor no reader of the life of Matthews, the comedian, can doubt. It is related of a great French actor that, having retired from the stage, and being driven by misfortune to resume his profession, he found his audience cold and changed and insensible to merits they formerly admired. Full of grief and mortification, he advanced to the footlights and repeated a well-known couplet, and as he spoke the blood rushed crimson to his face and then as suddenly retreated, and for a moment more he gazed, pale and silent, at the audience, who on their part deeply moved by this proof of feeling, applauded warmly and forthwith reinstated their former favorite. Two or three times in every performance of Ronconi we see evidence of the same sensibility in the flushing of a face on which every passing thought and feeling is so wonderfully mirrored that the features seem actually obliterated and only the expression remains. But it is the power of the man—as was the case with Burton—which entirely separates him from all other actors of comedy. Abject Leporellos and bustling barbers we have seen before, but never a man whose personality so imposes on us. The impression of his magnificent impudence in Doctor Dulcamara has lasted us fifteen years. He boasts and we are not offended, he lies and we are not shocked, he eats gluttonously and we are not disgusted, he opens his mouth in astonishment and leaves it open as if he had no further use for the feature, he is absurd beyond all

description or belief, he hides, he shakes, he cries, he falls on his knees in an agony of terror, and we cannot despise him. Of his acting in tragic opera we hope at some future time to speak, especially of his great part of the duke in *Maria di Rohan*; and of his singing we will merely say that his style is large and dignified, and while his voice is yet agreeable and sufficient in the parts he chooses to play, we can only regret that he is no longer willing to sing such parts as Nabuco, and others of which his transcendent abilities once made him the unapproachable representative.

A LA MODE!

FROM Saratoga and Long Branch, from Newport and Niagara, from many a bubbling spa and mountain glen and surf-beat shore, from woods and fields, from laughing waterfalls and gurgling brooks and quiet lakes, from all sweet silences and solitudes of nature, our fashionable birds of passage are winging their homeward flight. In every direction cars and steamboats are groaning and straining and wheezing, and sometimes going down, under their innumerable baggage; and the simple-hearted hackman, who usually earns a laborious livelihood by cracking his whip and punching his rival's head at the various landings, at last revels in the fruits of honest toil. On watering-place piazzas the moon still smiles as sweetly, on watering-place beaches the sea still sings as softly his time-old song of the Love that sprang from his depths, but no longer to lovers that pace by his margin. The hearts are gone that owned those tender influences and were wont to dance Cupid's quickstep under the inspiration of that light and music. Only the somewhat less impressionable landlady is left; and he, too, having bidden a pensive adieu to the last lingering, shivering "guest," as he jocularly terms his victims, and let loose his colored myrmidons to devote their high intelligence to the cares of suffrage and the service of the state, will speedily retire into that mysterious obscurity wherein he is used to hibernate. Everybody who is anybody is with us once more, and Broadway blooms again with somewhat of its ancient beauty. Fifth Avenue and Murray Hill, awaking from the summer's trance, reopen languid eyes and are haughtily conscious of the world. Even those ingenious persons who, being too poor to go into the country and too proud to be seen in town, have compromised by turning their homes into temporary mausoleums and entombing themselves in the back attic, now venture on a reluctant and wary resurrection. The old and young familiar faces begin to beam on us in promenade and parlor; the well-known equipages solicit our admiration or our envy in the Park; beloved eyes dart smiling havoc into manly waistcoats at theatre and concert, at opera and -alas, that we should write it!—at church. Society, in short, at least its fairer and better portion, comes back refreshed and reinvigorated for the winter's labors, but with absolutely nothing to wear.

This, in fact, is what chiefly brings it back. One's dresses can't last for ever, and two or three changes daily for two or three months are pretty apt to exhaust the largest stock that the largest Saratoga trunks can compass. Summer fashions fade, unhappily, with summer roses, and the costume which was lovely on the 31st of August becomes positively unendurable from the 1st of September. Nature sets us the example of changing her styles with the autumn, and we need not blush to imitate her in this respect, at least, whom we shun so widely in almost every other. So society comes back to its nest to moult, and in so doing does the very best thing under the circumstances. How, indeed, would it be possible to burrow in the country when Fashion is moulding the destinies of the season? how could the sensitive feminine organization endure the agonizing suspense of a style which may be since yesterday obsolete—an anachronism—a relic of barbarous antiquity? What content or calm could nature bring to the inquiet soul which is torn by constant doubts as to whether trails will be longer or shorter, whether crinoline will be worn or not, whether skirts will be gored or full, whether bonnets will expand or diminish, etc. Of course such a state of things would be unbearable. Men, more fortunate, never bother their manly brains about what they are going to wear, perhaps from a profound conviction, based on the supreme hideousness of the recent modes, that any change must be a change for the better, and find it difficult to understand why women should. They forget that, apart from the natural vanity of the sex and the knowledge that the charming sway we so readily own rests largely on the arts and coquetties of the toilette, women in society have for the most part so few diversions, so few occupations, as to make the cares of dress a welcome refuge from the tedium of daily monotony. Marriage, too, is the only definite aim that most girls have in life, and dress, as they are early taught to believe, is one of the most important

aids to the acquisition of a desirable *parti*. *Quid ultra?* Moreover, it is a creed which our actions go far to foster. "Men are still deceived by ornament," says Bassanio, and Ovid tells two disagreeable truths in the somewhat ungallant lines which we shall not venture to translate:

"Auferimur cultu et gemmis, auroque teguntur
Omnia; pars minima est ipsa puella sui."

So let us not be too ready to laugh at our fair neighbors if they seem over-solicitous about what seems to our loftier masculine intellect a very trivial matter. Let us rather congratulate them that there is such abundance of balm in Gilead for their affliction, that there are not wanting numbers of good Samaritans eager to obey the Scriptural precept of clothing the naked—for a fair profit on the investment. We wish that we could extend our felicitations to the character of the aid thus proffered them, that we could detect in the fall fashions any indications of progress toward moderation and common sense. But whether our styles are set for us by the Parisian *demi-monde*, as is claimed by some, or emanate from the fertile tastelessness of Berlin *modistes*, as others assert, certain it is that the profit of the dressmaker seems to be the one thing consulted at the expense of all things else. Crinoline, to be sure, we have got rid of, at least in that extravagance which made conversation with its wearers impossible to feeble lungs and limbs (though the latest news from the Capital of Fashion threatens a return of all its enormity), and "tilters" are apparently banished; but their absence is more than compensated by trails of such preposterous magnitude that *Punch's* caricature seems not at all exaggerated which depicts a lady about to enter the ball requesting her *cavalier servente* to run down stairs and see who those tiresome people can be that are standing on her dress. The tiresome people must have found it still more tiresome to get off without troubling some other lady's equally expansive raiment. It is the old story of Raleigh's cloak reversed; and if men were not altogether brutes, they would appreciate the generosity which provides for their tread so costly a carpet. But so many of them belong in one way or other to that unhappy class whose mission it is to pay bills and grumble and be deluded to their sorrow that they may be pardoned for failing to appreciate this little bit of feminine chivalry. Yet even to them there is consolation in the fact that if trails be worn for promenade (and we really can put no other construction on the prediction of high French authority that *les robes courtes seront abandonnées aux fillettes*), we shall at least be indulged in the luxury of cleaner streets than Commissioner Whiting has yet seen fit to vouchsafe us. Sorry consolation and expensive luxury, truly; but since we can't have what we like, let us be wise to like what we have.

Yet, however we may be disposed to take these things *en philosophe*, it is impossible to shut our eyes to the alarming and increasing extravagance of female dress. Happily we are as yet free from the unpleasant necessity of making such complaints of another nature as have filled the English journals of recent date and led *The Saturday Review* to find a parallel between the fashions of Rome in her most licentious epoch and those of England in the present day. We have not yet to deprecate the lavish liberality of shoulders and bosom which has provoked the indignation of *London Society* (the magazine only, we regret to say), and the latest invention of ingenious frivolity, the *ventre*, has not found its way to our shores. Indeed, from the last infliction we may consider ourselves safe; those who have read the astounding and humiliating disclosures of Dr. Storer and others may question whether any fashion will be apt to recommend itself to American women by simulating the condition which of all others they are most anxious to escape. But we cannot hope to remain long free from whatever else of immodesty Parisian caprice may put in vogue. The natural love of extravagance which has reached its limit in the matter of cost will seek an outlet in another direction; and luxury leads almost of necessity to license. Our remembrance, too, of the "tilters" that formerly wanted in our thoroughfares warns us against believing that our ladies will long indulge a foolish scruple against the display of whatever charms fashion may make pre-eminent. If they were chary of their shoulders they at least were profusely prodigal of their ankles; like the Irish tailor, they cut from one end of their garments to add to the other. Indeed, it might not be difficult to invent a theory for the fluctuations of female fashion on the principle of rotation in display. It really seems as though a man of observation might gather from the successive variations of style a pretty fair idea of the figures of his female acquaintance, despite their numberless ingenious contrivances for the simulation of absent beauties which make speculation in the marriage market an even risk between getting a woman and a very counterfeited presentment. There is matter in all this for grave

reflection by the moralist and even by the statesman; for it is a question whether laxity of morals be oftener a cause or effect of corresponding looseness of dress. The Romans found it necessary to curb by law the extravagance of their women; and more than one act of Parliament has been given to a similar purpose. Of course in our day this remedy would be impossible, nor indeed would it be necessary, even though the day for sumptuary laws had not passed. But there is one tribunal to which we can still appeal, not the less powerful because it includes judge and jury and culprits in one—from which fashion herself takes all her power—the tribunal of public opinion. Let us pray that the common sense and good taste of our ladies will teach them even in a Paper Age that golden mean in dress which becomes alike the humble roof of haughty poverty and the gorgeous halls of respectable wealth.

CRITICISMS WRITTEN FOR THE ROUND TABLE.

BY G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L.,
AUTHOR OF THE DEAN'S ENGLISH, ETC.
GOULD'S GOOD ENGLISH.
No. IV.

ONE of your correspondents, "H. S. D.," asks how I justify my use of the expression, "I differ with Mr. Gould." "Custom," he says, "seems to have established the use of *with* in such connection, e. g., a member of Parliament says without hesitation, 'I differ with the honorable gentleman on that point as widely as the east differs from the west.' So, commonly, where opinions are concerned it is 'differ with,' in all other cases it is 'differ from.' It would interest some of us to hear from Mr. Moon on this matter, if he thinks the point worthy a moment's attention. How will he justify our employing *with* to denote the relation of separation, when its proper use seems to be to express that of nearness, contiguity?" Before replying to this enquiry, I would say that the member of Parliament is blamable for "darkening counsel by words without knowledge," in attempting to illustrate a difference of opinion by instituting a comparison between it and something to which it cannot possibly bear any resemblance—the difference between east and west.

The objects to be gained by the use of comparisons are various: the elucidation of that which is obscure, the enhancement of that which we wish to exalt, and the depreciation of that which we wish to abase; and the full power of this form of speech is seen where moral qualities are compared with moral, and physical with physical. But in the instance under consideration the honorable member differed with his friend *in opinion*; now, the east does not differ from the west *in opinion*; hence the incongruity. We might as well speak of the breadth of a man's sympathies' being as great as the breadth of the Mississippi, or the depth of a woman's affections' being as great as the depth of the Atlantic, as speak of a difference of opinions being comparable to the difference between certain points of the compass. The fault of such expressions consists in this: "*width*," "*breadth*," and "*depth*," of opinions, sympathies, and affections, are spoken of as if they were things palpable, which could be defined, if not actually measured; whereas, they are but metaphorical expressions relating to qualities existing merely in the imagination.

Now let us consider the question of "differ with" and "differ from." "H. S. D." says that, "Commonly, where opinions are concerned, it is 'differ with,' in all other cases it is 'differ from.'" These words imply that the use of the preposition "*with*" is rendered necessary whenever it is opinions and not things which form the topic of conversation. But, that this is not the reason why that preposition is used in such connection will be apparent when we consider that although we say "I differ with you in opinion," we never say "My opinion differs with yours," but always, "My opinion differs from yours." As, then, it is not the circumstance that the conversation is concerning *opinions* that makes us use the preposition "*with*," it is that the pronoun is in the nominative case, seeing we say "I differ with you in opinion," but "My opinion differs from yours"? No; that cannot be the reason; for we not only say "I differ with you in opinion," but also, "I differ from you in stature." Wherein, then, is the reason to be found? It is, I think, in the varied meaning of the word "*differ*." That word has not the same signification in the expression, "I differ from you in opinion," as it has in the expression, "I differ from you in stature." In the former it has an active, in the latter a passive, signification. In the one the thing to be expressed is an act of the will, and "I differ with you on that point" is equivalent to "I wrestle with you," "I contend with you," "I dispute with you on that point, and you with me." The dispute is mutual. But in the expression "I differ from you in

stature," the will is passive; the statement is concerning a fact about which there cannot be any dispute, as it simply means, "In stature I am different from you."

So, likewise, is it with the opposite of the word "*differ*," the word "*agree*," e. g., "I agree with you." It is a mutual agreement; hence the propriety of saying "*with* you." But we do not say, "I agree with your proposition;" we say, "I agree to your proposition;" there is nothing mutual between me and the proposition, therefore, I cannot say, "I agree with it;" but must say, "I agree to it, i. e., I assent to it."

We cannot always trace the gradual process of unconscious reasoning which has been going on, in the mind of a people, in the formation of the idioms of their language; but it is always an interesting study. For example, we say, "A man parts with his wife;" we likewise say, "A man parts from his wife." A man parts with his wife lovingly, regretfully, and looks hopefully forward to a reunion. A man parts from his wife angrily, and rushes off in a rage to the divorce court to obtain a judicial separation; and afterwards, whether the separation be confirmed by law or not, we still speak of the husband and wife as having parted from each other. The feud between them resulting in such an act is considered to be so bitter that, although the parting is mutual, the language which we employ respecting it represents them not as *agreeing* to part, but represents each as acting *independently of the other*.

"H. S. D." is wrong in saying that in such expressions as "I differ with the honorable gentleman" we employ *with* "to denote the relation of separation." We employ it to denote the relation of union. It may be a union of antagonistic qualities, a meeting for combat; but still it is a union, a meeting for some purpose or other. "H. S. D." will probably acquiesce in my opinion respecting the word "*agree*" as given above. But the same remarks that are applicable to that word are applicable to its opposite, "*disagree*." I agree with one man and I disagree with another; "*with*" in each case implies *union*. In the one it is a union of friendship, an embrace; in the other a union of antagonism, a death-grapple.

By a figure of speech we attribute life and volition to inanimate and to unconscious objects; and we say "His food disagrees with him"; but it is because we figuratively attribute life and volition to the food and to the stomach, and think of them as quarreling, that we use the preposition "*with*" in that sentence. If "H. S. D." objects to the expression "*differ with*," he must, in order to be consistent, object also to the expression "*disagree with*." But it would be perfectly good English, though perhaps not exactly in good taste, to say, "A certain cannibal disagreed with one of his wives, killed her, and ate her; but his troubles did not end there, for she disagreed with him after he had eaten her, and he sickened and died."

I have now to notice Mr. Gould's reply to my criticisms on his *Good English*. He acknowledges himself wrong on some points, differs with me in opinion upon others, and apologizes generally for the errors in the book by saying that he "*sometimes read the proof-sheets superficially*." Mr. Gould has much to learn in the school of letters if he thinks that the public will be satisfied with this explanation. Carelessness admits of no excuse. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and, if we are justified in looking for perfection in language in any book, it certainly is in one written to expose the errors of other writers.

Mr. Gould pleads also that it is the first edition which I have reviewed, and that "a first edition is never free from typographical and other blunders." Probably not; but the purchasers of a first edition have a right to the best that the author could produce at the time, and they are naturally indignant when, having unwittingly purchased a book abounding with errors, they are coolly told by the author that he "*sometimes read the proof-sheets superficially*." As to the statement that the errors will be corrected in the second edition, what satisfaction is that to those persons who have purchased the first?

Moreover, Mr. Gould's plea respecting "a first edition" sounds very strange to those who remember that he says in the preface: "Many of the following hints on philology have already appeared in print in the form of occasional contributions, through a series of years, to newspapers and periodical publications—chiefly in *The New York Evening Post*." The strictures on Webster's *Orthography* likewise, which form the second part of the work, are a reprint, with modifications, from *The Democratic Review*, whence, we are told, they were copied into several of the daily and weekly papers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The third and last part, a treatise on *Clerical Elocution*, is likewise a reprint: it appeared in *The Boston Church Monthly* and in *The New York Christian News*.

Mr. Gould's plea, therefore, that the errors are those of a "first edition," is not likely to have much weight in influencing any one's judgment in his favor. On the contrary, this defence is weak and impolitic. In it he endeavors to intrench himself in a position which is untenable, and thereby he courts attack under disadvantageous circumstances and exposes himself to censure for bad generalship.

LONDON, Aug. 27, 1867.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

AN INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In my former note upon this subject, which you were kind enough to publish, I expressed my purpose not to participate further in the public discussion of the matter. Without deeming that I essentially depart from this self-prescribed rule, I would yet like to suggest a difficulty which occurs to me in the way of a realization of one feature of the plan urged by Mr. Parton in his able and interesting article upon this question in *The Atlantic Monthly* for October. I do this in the interest of the object whose claims are so eloquently urged by him, and which so heartily commends itself to us all—the more ample remuneration of American writers; since it is obvious that to secure a successful effort in the right direction it is wise to avoid an abortive attempt in the wrong one. I would go as far as the farthest in any legitimate endeavor to reach this end, consistently with co-existent and co-equal or more important rights, interests, and obligations.

In speaking of the sources from which Mrs. Stowe should rightfully have derived revenue for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Mr. Parton points to the example of France, and says, had the work been written by a French author he would have received, under the laws of that nation, in addition to a part of the price of every copy sold in France, (1) "a share of the receipts of every theatre in France in which he permitted it to be played; (2) a sum of money for the right of translation." He might have added another, which, if not likely to have been availed of in regard to *Uncle Tom*, is yet of great importance often in the case of larger and more elaborate works, like the histories of Bancroft and Motley, viz., (3) the right of abridgement. Mr. Parton intimates that the aggregate from all these sources, instead of the "poor forty thousand dollars" actually received in this country, "would have yielded half a million dollars in gold." If this be so, setting aside for the moment the revenue from foreign countries, which would involve an international copyright, from American sources alone, under laws like those of France, Mrs. Stowe would have received a sum double, perhaps treble, that actually received. Is such a modification of our own laws possible as shall secure to the author the exclusive right to dramatize, translate, and abridge his own work, so far as the home market is concerned?

In answering this question it is necessary to keep in mind the basis upon which the law of copyright, in this country and England, rests. What constitutes literary property? Much needless confusion of ideas seems to have arisen, in the discussions upon the copyright question, from regarding the ownership of the author as entirely analogous to the ownership of an ordinary piece of merchandise. If a bale of cloth and a book by an English author are landed at New York, it is asked, is not the one entitled to as much protection as the other, and to steal one as great a crime as to steal the other? Certainly; but as any American manufacturer may honestly make a bale of cloth like the English one, if the nature of the property be the same, why, on the same principle, may not an American printer make a similar book? This is not the true aspect. On what principle, then, does American and English copyright law rest? *Chambers's Cyclopædia*, article *Copyright* (an English work), says of British law:

"It is now determined that no copyright can be maintained in mere subject, information, or ideas. . . . Unauthorized abridgements are deemed piracies only where can be shown a clear adoption of the language or collocation of words of the original. . . . If a second writer use the information of the first, and make out of it a new work, there is no invasion of copyright unless the words of the first have been at the same time taken."

So Curtis, on American copyright:

"The right claimed by an author after publication is not to the exclusive possession or appropriation, intellectually, of the ideas and sentiments which he originates and puts upon paper. In the first place, such an appropriation becomes impossible. . . . The right to multiply copies of what is written or printed . . . constitutes the whole claim of literary property. . . . It goes no farther than to assert an exclusive right to the profits which may be derived from the production of successive copies of the characters which, in a particular combination, represent a set of intellectual ideas. . . . The right of literary property commences, therefore, from a full and exclusive intellectual possession of his ideas by the author, coupled with the physical possession of the combination of characters representing those ideas which he has traced upon paper or other matter."

With much more in the same direction.

This, then, is the view taken in England and the United States, and sustained, I believe, by the highest courts in both countries: that what is protected or can

be protected by the law of copyright is the language, the precise words or combination of words, in which the author has clothed his ideas, and not the ideas themselves. This, too, if I understand it, is not a matter which legislation can remedy, but is consequent upon the nature of the property itself. It seems to follow, hence, that Mrs. Stowe could not prevent *Uncle Tom* from being dramatized, translated, or abridged by another unless the precise language of her original work were in part employed, nor herself legally lay claim to any pecuniary advantage from such drama, translation, or abridgement unless she were herself the author. Nor, as it now stands, does it seem competent for Congress even, or the British Parliament, to remedy this seeming great defect.

Why, then, it may be asked, can France do this same thing? I know not how the question can be accurately answered, unless it be by saying that France is under a strong government, semi-despotic, in which the will of the ruler is sometimes employed now wholly to suppress the issues of the press and control free discussion, and now to confer, absolutely, privileges not strictly consistent with abstract principles of law and right; while liberty-loving and liberty-enjoying England and America must yet, as the price of that liberty, submit to the control of established principles of law and right, even if thereby a desired and valued end cannot sometimes be at once and as readily reached.

But why, is it asked, may not Congress, by a declarative or penal enactment, establish the author's right to extend to his conceptions, ideas, thoughts, plot, and not to the mere husk only, the habiliments in which they are clothed? In answer, in addition to what I have hinted, it might, perhaps, be pertinent, Yankee-like, to reply by asking another question: Why does human law take cognizance of and punish not the thought, the intent, of crime, in which really the sin consists, but the overt act alone? As human governments cannot undertake to punish, so can they undertake to reward ideas, thoughts, motives? I am not here defending or approving, or raising nice questions in casuistry, or hair-splitting, but speaking of existing facts.

But if no greater protection or more ample reward to American authors is possible at home, is it not all the more important to secure them a harvest in foreign fields? This is a legitimate subject for intelligent and dispassionate discussion. An American legislator in his seat in Congress, called upon to consider the matter of an international copyright, must wisely, it seems to me, pass upon and decide at least four important questions:

1. Has a foreign author a natural or moral right to demand copyright protection for his work in the United States? If so, and his claim cannot be fairly met in any other way, let it be accorded. *Fiat justitia*, etc.

2. Related to this, and partly growing out of it—for if we claim we must accord—is the question, Has our own author, from want of adequate remuneration at home, the right to demand of his own government that it secure to him, by inter-legislation, the exclusive enjoyment of the foreign field? Mr. Parton presents ably and eloquently his view on this point.

3. Will an American national literature be fostered, and the highest intelligence of the people, by the widest and cheapest—widest when cheapest—diffusion of the means of knowledge, be advanced or retarded by an international copyright? And, lastly (perhaps least, but not without its importance, and fairly to be taken into account),

4. How will an international copyright affect the material prosperity of the country? Will it greatly increase or largely diminish the aggregate national wealth? Will it advance or injure industrial interests?

If these questions, or a preponderating number of them, after intelligent and full discussion—which none of them, it appears to me, have yet received—shall be answered affirmatively, I hesitate not to say, legislation to that end should be secured. In this paper I am not attempting a discussion of these or any other of the points involved, but simply to state some of the questions at issue, with certain considerations or obstacles which cannot be overlooked. The chief difficulty arises from the fact that here are two nations, speaking a common language, having a common literature of the past and, to a great degree, of the present, yet with institutions widely diverse, and a social and educational, as well as political, condition essentially unlike. All pervading influences in England, not the least powerful of which are the literary, favor monarchical and aristocratic institutions; with us the same influences have a republican bias and seek the popular well-being. *Uncle Tom* is itself a striking illustration of this, and could never have been written in England, as their hate of the results which it so strongly tended to secure, manifested during the war, so fully showed. If the copyright question were between the United States and France or Germany, or England and France, the same obstacles would not exist. With us education is universal; all native-born citizens can read. In England a limited class have a high degree of culture, a very large class none at all. She produces writers for whom we furnish readers; we, writers and readers. Take an economical aspect: Mr. Parton says "it costs exactly three times as much to manufacture a book in

the United States as it did seven years ago." (Twice would have been much more accurate; if Mr. Parton had been a painter, it would have been of the Titian school—he dips his pencil in glowing colors.) But, whatever the relative expense here, it certainly costs twice as much to-day, I believe, to manufacture a book in this country as in England. Now, if the English publisher should protect his work by copyright in the United States under this state of things, induced partly by our heavy burdens consequent upon our death-struggle for the national life itself, in which struggle British influence and British literature were preponderatingly against us, and partly also by the fact that the American workman is well fed, clothed, and paid, and the British artisan far less comfortably cared for, what should prevent not only his procuring to have written, but his manufacturing, in the material processes, his book altogether, and laying it down in New York, unless against a duty of one hundred per cent., at a price which shall alike furnish us with a British literature of British manufacture, and so supply our wants in that line altogether? I do not, in that aspect, quite see the encouragement to American authors.

My single purpose at the outset, in participating in this discussion, was to vindicate American publishers—of which honorable guild I am an humble member—from the unworthy imputations cast upon them in connection with this subject; as when it was said, as has often been done, no American author can hope for a fair remuneration for his work so long as the American publisher can steal that of the foreign author and so escape the copyright burden. It has been shown, I think, conclusively, first, that the American publisher, acting under the laws of his country, in reissuing an English work, is no more open to such a charge than is the English publisher for republishing Shakespeare or Milton, whose copyright has expired. And, secondly, that the pecuniary interest of an American publisher would be subserved, not prejudiced, in the case of a given work, by paying for and being protected by a copyright rather than to issue it free. And then, thirdly, as Mr. Parton justly says, in regard to *Webster*, protection in foreign countries would place money in the pocket of the American proprietor. I think the vindication of American publishers on this subject is complete. Mr. Parton speaks of them in this connection in a tone as gratifying as unusual. As to the general subject, all I have to say is, let the right prevail. I think I have said enough in regard to one feature of Mr. Parton's plan to suggest that the feasible and wise course is not as perfectly obvious as might at first seem.

In regard to Mr. Parton's difficulty—that it is not according to the eternal fitness of things for a speculator in sugar, stocks, cotton, or tobacco to be rolling in wealth while the author of a work of the highest order of genius goes comparatively uncompensated, and so merit in this world not meet its due reward—I can only say the puzzle is as old as the time of David, and seems a problem rather in theology than political economy. Perhaps the objection is as well met as in any way by, I think, Rowland Hill's quaint remark that the light estimation in which the Lord holds wealth is shown by the kind of persons he gives it to.

CHARLES MERRIAM.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Oct. 1, 1867.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: My attention has just been called to a recent article in your paper in which I am charged with having "a couple of years ago, in the Episcopal Convention, denounced a resolution which recognized the existence of newspapers, on the ground that newspapers—all newspapers, religious or other—are an evil and the cause of all troubles in the church, and should, consequently, be discouraged by pious people." The sound sense which characterizes the article in which this statement is made induces me to believe that the writer is too honest to utter a wilful misrepresentation or to leave uncorrected a misrepresentation made through false report. The true facts of the case alluded to are these: A committee brought into the Convention a report on the subject of *Christian Education*. In that report the religious newspapers were referred to and recommended as a useful means of Christian education. In the course of the debate on the subject I objected that the religious papers were conducted by individual enterprise and for individual gain; that they too often served party purposes and promoted faction rather than truth; that they opposed and contradicted each other and did not always teach the doctrines of the Church; that the editors were not responsible to the Church or the Convention for their opinions, and, therefore, that it did not become the General Convention to recommend these papers, so diverse in character and so erroneous in some of their teachings, as suitable means for the *Christian education* of the children of the Church. Now, is there anything very wicked or very silly in these views? Be it remembered that the Convention was not discussing the merits of the public press. The only question was whether the religious newspapers should be recommended indiscriminately for teaching children religious truth. I appeal to your sense of justice, Mr. Editor, whether that was not at least an open question; and

whether a man deserves reproach for advocating his opinions on any question in a public convention, be they right or wrong?
Hoping that you will do me right in the matter, I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
ALFRED STUBBS.

New Brunswick, September 23, 1867.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

JOSIAH QUINCY, OF MASSACHUSETTS.*

IF one glances at this book two things arrest his attention. The portrait opposite the title shows the head of a man in the full maturity of his intellectual powers, manifested facially with a handsome contour and enlivened with a refined experience. Later in the volume we have the patriarch of eighty-nine; his carriage still unbending; his brow creased but composed; and his eyes showing the steadiness of a purposeful mind still unflagging. These two heads lead one to think that this is the record of an honorable life and a manly character. If we turn to the title there is the further assurance of an historical name and a generous stock, "Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts." The annals of that community have few names for the last century better known. The family from the foundation of the colony had been a prominent one. It had furnished lineal fame, and given off shoots as reputable. The author seems to have had some misgivings of the place it had in men's memory, and to have doubted if his father's name had not slipped out of recollection in our days of hot haste in the making of history. The venerable man who left us a little over three years ago had indeed outlived his compeers. He appeared in the field of national politics sixty years ago, the equal of men who have long filled their niche in history; and when but a few years ago men pointed to that venerable form, as it passed in the sunny days of winter down the slope of Beacon Hill, it seemed as if it were an apparition of the past—a man whose name belonged to the history of other days.

The untimely death at an early age of the man who gave the name a Revolutionary lustre had almost a poetic justice in the long life of the son. The father claimed a fellowship with the elder patriots and an influence that went beyond his years, and he breathed his last within sight of his native shores, while returning from consultation with the friends of America in England, anxious only that he might be spared till he could deliver its results to Samuel Adams or Joseph Warren. Had that wish been granted, what the consequence would have been we shall never know; but he died with that solemn invocation for his son: "May the spirit of liberty rest upon him!" That son but three years before had been assisted into the world by no less a physician than Warren himself. With such a father and introduced by such a patriot it is no wonder he felt that the world was worth his working in.

Josiah Quincy in Washington devoted himself to the work of legislation with an assiduity and scholarship in the literature of the science that fitted him to become the peer of the eldest in the knowledge, as he was the match of the best debaters in the practise, of parliamentary fence. He had the health requisite to stand this unremitted toil, and his mind, as robust as his body, gave him the physical courage to face and despise passions as fierce and partisan warfare as unrelenting as anything we have seen in our day. His biographer relates that his mother in his childhood held to some of the hygienic practices that were thought to toughen the constitution, and used to take the boy on winter nights from the warm bed and plunge him in a cold bath. He got used to such excesses and lived long through or in spite of them. Quincy's career in Congress was much of the same sort. It was his fate not seldom, when the impulse of debate had warmed him to expressions that withered where they fell, to find response quite as shuddering in the chilly antagonism of the overwhelming majority against him. He succumbed not, no more than to the ley tub, and he got from it a glow of vigor in debate that made him fit to meet the world in arms. Josiah Quincy was a Federalist in bone and sinew. He grew up at the time when the adoption of the new Constitution had drawn party purposes out in either extreme, and he had the nerve in his belief that always comes in such formative conjunctures. A Federalist he remained to the end, and would acknowledge no other designation. When the recent civil war was like a toppling wave ready to break upon us, secession found for itself some countenance in the record of Josiah Quincy; but no one

* *Life of Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts.* By his son, Edmund Quincy. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

would have more stoutly contested the assumption than he who, if such allegations were correct, would have poorly brooked the thought of giving comfort to the cause of slavery, since some of the earliest prognostications of its ruthless aims fell from his own lips. The right of revolution, "amicably if we can and violently if we must," few will deny to be one of the safeguards of a people against oppression, and this was Josiah Quincy's ground when he felt—as Jefferson when he was free had likewise felt—that to lure and receive new states into the Union from outside its original area under the Constitution was to invalidate the bond made in the absence of such a contingency, and its ties once snapped each was free for new affiliations. Wherein this differs from an implied right to withdraw at will from a compact it is not necessary to point out. Long-established precedents have settled the question that grew out of the Louisiana purchase against the strict construction of the supreme law of the land, and a crisis of warfare has decided the more recent one. Secession as a right reserved to the states is not likely again to be claimed in our day at least. The right of revolution can never be withdrawn. It will always find advocates and leaders in the ranks of just such strong and valorous men. Like many a remedy most effective in the right hands, it may become an evil in ineffectual ones, which is always the risk in human affairs.

Mr. Quincy in his old age looked upon the long run of Southern supremacy in the counsels of the nation as a fulfilment of his prescience in the days of the Louisiana controversy. He had too many encounters with its spirit in the few years that he faced it not to know its temper thoroughly and to feel confident of its purposes. Though they could meet on the ground of opposition to the administration, and though he extended to John Randolph as much intimate acquaintanceship as a prudent man would accord to such a strange being, the temper of that Virginian was unmistakably typical to him, and he saw in it the degradation, as he thought, of the North.

The son has given some copious extracts from the speeches of his father, made in those years of turmoil when the coast defence, the embargo act, and the growing hostility to England were agitating the land. He fears the reader will exercise his usual prerogative of passing them by; but the reader, if he does so, will miss something well worth reading. These speeches, from the man who had the practical leadership of the small Federal minority in the House, have fire, wit, and fitness. They sometimes have asperity, and in the sharper outsets of debate he was hardly in need of backers. "I shall live down calumnies," he tells his wife at that time, "and as to *tongue-fighting*, if any one has a longer weapon or a sharper, I must be content to contend at a disadvantage." Of this matter his biographer says, "His antagonists gave him ample occasion to call them to account for their personal abuse of himself, carefully prepared with that design; but I think, though he sometimes came pretty near the wind, he always avoided such personalities as were held to make a hostile meeting inevitable among fighting men." He himself says at another time of one of these encounters: "Fortified by a sense of duty to myself and my country, I had no hesitation to take the course of *true* courage, and repaid them with as much severe language as I had at command, and shall live down their calumnies." One passage will show something of what he meant by this kind of retort: "Really, Mr. Speaker, I have no means of reply to such arguments as these. Absolutely, through defect of my education, I can make no answer to them. I never studied in the school of the scavenger; I never took degrees at the oyster-bench; I never sat at the feet of the fishwoman. The gentlemen who resort to such weapons have all the advantage of me." Again he writes to his wife, after one of these speeches, "You need not fear that your husband is brow-beaten, much less terrified. I shall perform my duty and give to any and all men, as occasion calls, what politicians call a Rowland for an Oliver, and what the ladies term tit for tat." Washington Irving, who was in Washington in the memorable winter of 1810-11, long afterwards recalled the appearance of Quincy in these debates, and said that he well remembered him walking up and down the lobby, while the House were debating points of order raised during his speeches, "like a lion lashing his sides with his tail."

Mr. Quincy's Washington career brought him friends and antagonists in equal measure. Henry Clay, while impelling the war with England, had descended to the floor "to reduce me," says Quincy on the strength of the assertion of one of Clay's friends, "to the alternative of a duel or disgrace." When the attack was finished the reply from the member from Massachusetts was brief,

dignified, and cutting: "I cannot put myself on the level of retort. . . . So far as respects any personal reflections which have fallen from the honorable the Speaker, or may fall from other members, they have their liberty of speech. Such as my reputation was before Billingsgate opened its flood-gates, such it will remain after the odious flood shall have passed by." Such passages were not conducive to the interchange of friendly expressions at the time, but time softened something of the asperity of language, and when years afterward Mr. Clay was at Cambridge, his old antagonist received him cordially and, as their President, introduced him to the students.

Mr. Quincy was still a young man when he withdrew from parliamentary life in the national Congress. For some years subsequently he devoted himself chiefly to the superintendence of his farm in the town that bears his name, pursuing agriculture with an interest that resulted in some good to the practice among his neighbors. He was meanwhile a member of the state legislature, and here again his strong individuality showed itself. He served also a short term as a judge of the municipal court in Boston, and gave a famous ruling in a case of libel, which was an innovation on the established order that was destined to become the rule universally in this country and in Europe. This was that a defendant under trial for libel might be allowed to prove that his allegations were true. No part of Mr. Quincy's life was more important to his townsmen than his mayoralty during the early years of the city charter. He gave his time and energies to the office, and did an amount of personal work rarely surpassed by a municipal magistrate. His work, too, was labor that accomplished much; and Boston for many years felt the benefit of his care and foresight.

Next came his elevation to the presidency of Harvard College. He was called to it because he was thought to be the man to extricate its affairs from pecuniary embarrassments. He did that and a great deal more. He informed himself upon all the points of detail in the administration, and gained order out of confusion in many respects. "I have always been guided in my treatment of the undergraduates," he said, "by the rule laid down by famed Matt Prior for that of the ladies:

"Be to their faults a little blind;
Be to their virtues very kind;
And clap your padlock on the mind."

This habit was successful. He had but one season of disturbance, and he triumphed in that, gaining finally the esteem of the conquered. There is just now a growing urgency to give more of a university shape to the routine and character of the studies at Harvard. Mr. Quincy's rule looked to that end, and, as one of his successors said of him, he did more for academic reform than the college has been able to retain, and it is less a university in any proper sense at present than when under his administration.

It is now over twenty years since he left Cambridge and returned to Boston and to private life. He kept off the inroads of old age by active mental pursuits. His tastes had always had a literary turn. He has succeeded in biography in a memoir of his father, which he published during his mayoralty. Delivering the centennial address at Cambridge in 1830, it expanded subsequently under his hands until it became a two-volume history of the college. His course as mayor had not been followed without some disapproval—unworthily bestowed it now seems at this day—and he vindicated himself in a history of his native town, from its founding through two hundred years to 1830. Two of his latest labors were a *History of the Boston Athenæum* and a *Memoir of John Quincy Adams*, the last being published so late as 1853. We can fairly say of his son's biography of him, that it was a story well worth telling, for which there were in his correspondence and diaries some peculiarly interesting matter, and that it has been well told.

UNDER TWO FLAGS.*

TO seek to stimulate curiosity by a queer pseudonym is no new device for a writer of fiction. Boz did it long ago and so did Michael Angelo Titmarsh. Essayists have done it from time immemorial to evade responsibility for unpopular opinions, to give currency to doubtful new ones, or, more frequently, to make a stroke for fame without incurring the risk of public discomfiture. Thus Dr. Cantwell and Mr. Diver might have printed their remarkable contributions to *The Chambermaid's Gazette* under the names of Dr. Slop and Rusticus Fizzle. In the event of humiliating failure—a contingency we by no means intend to prognosticate—their reputations would

* *Under Two Flags: A Novel.* By "Ouida," author of *Idalia*, *Randolph Gordon*, *Strathmore*, *Cecil Castlemaine's Gage*, etc., etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

not suffer; in the event of pyramidal success—a contingency scarcely more expectable—the glory could be claimed at any time, and, like that of the Wizard of the North, need be no less splendid for the spice of mystery which preceded its award. The device has another advantage in forestalling ill-natured imputations of neglecting one's proper duties, whether those of the pulpit or editorial desk, for the sake of attempting what is inappropriate in design and more or less ridiculous in execution. In cases like these the public is apt to think of the old adage about being off with the old love before being on with the new; to consider, at all events, that efficient substitutes for their regular labors ought to have been provided by the illustrious authors before venturing upon toils which, however fascinating, are certainly irregular ones.

The adoption of such anonymes as we have suggested would have prevented censures like these, while, if the copy furnished is of the surpassingly meritorious character that the enterprising proprietor of *The Chambermaid's Gazette* insists, the names of its writers would have been quite needless to ensure its favorable reception. Dr. Cantwell and Mr. Diver may draw a useful lesson in this regard from the success of the writer who chooses to be known as "Ouida." Some say she is a Miss De La Rama, not young, not pretty, and commonplace in everything but her imagination. Some will have it that he is a life guardsmen, like Bertie Cecil, who has outrun the constable and seeks to keep afloat by anonymous novel writing. Some aver that she is a Miss Redden, who lives in an humble cottage at Brompton and who has brought up a family of orphaned brothers and sisters by the—until the last few years—scantily-paid labors of her pen. Some insist that he is a Greek refugee, son of a man once intimate with Byron, and formerly employed by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at Constantinople. Some positively know that it is an expatriated Turk, the offspring of a lovely Georgian slave for a season the favorite of Abdul Medjid, and who, after a bitter experience of the customs of the seraglio, fled to England just before the Crimean War. All these curious and not over-delicate accounts, neither of which can be accepted as authentic, but all of which are stoutly maintained, have had the effect to sharpen curiosity to a keen and profitable edge. Dr. Cantwell and Mr. Diver could not write such books as *Strathmore* and *Idalia* or anything like them; but they might have worked up a *furor* on similar principles, or at least have attempted it, in which case failure would have been unattended by mortifying consequences. In suggesting, however, even a cursory comparison between these eminent writers, and that solely for the purpose of indicating a line of literary policy, it is only fair to say that "Ouida" has a faculty of thickening the veil of her, his, or its incognito by a diversity of style and an epicene wealth of experience which has led us to suspect the work of more than one hand, of a male as well as a female brain, in the construction of these over-heated but clever and remarkable stories.

It would seem, for example, almost impossible for a woman to write the descriptions of camp life, brimful as they are with steel and gold and color, with oaths and champagne, with drums and spurs and sabres, with warning bugles and pealing trumpets, with the rattling crash of musketry, the sullen roar of artillery, the lurid, sulphurous horrors of the battlefield, and its piteous, desolating consequences. It would seem, on the other hand, almost impossible for a man to paint the cat-like beauty, the extraordinary perceptive subtleties, the ineffable refinements of physical fascination, the devilish fixity in purposed evil which characterize Marian St. Maur, the quasi-Marchioness of Vavasour. There is a very broad intellectual—and apparently sexual—antithesis here whose force might be strengthened by a great variety of detail, extending to doubts respecting the age as well as the sex of this writer. Thus an elderly or even a middle-aged person is unlikely to dwell with such passionate gusto—repeated at every opportunity and with opportunities often made to repeat—upon those voluptuous details of sexual attractiveness which are all natural enough and so proper enough in themselves, but which, however keenly appreciated by symmetrical souls, are offensive to good taste when too freely used in descriptive writing. This is the fault of glowing adolescence, of a salient, ill-repressed imagination; not that of cooled and tempered maturity, whose æsthetic sense learns to see something ridiculous, even when its moral sense fails to see anything reprehensible, in excesses with which it can no longer even secretly sympathize. But it happens that no writer young enough to rhapsodize *con amore* in this lava-like style could by any possibility have had that personal observation of society, of diplomacy, of war, or even of topographical and other physical phenomena, with which the books of "Ouida"

give such all but irrefragable evidence. When to this it is added that their faults of style, philologically speaking, are almost invariably those of a very young person—the profusion of adjectives, extravagance in the use of color, inattention to background, and interminable repetitions being notably of the number—the puzzle seems to be complete and explanation out of the question, unless our supposition be accepted which attributes the books to a dual source.

Under Two Flags, the last novel of "Ouida," is very like *Idalia*, which was very like *Chandos*, which was very like *Strathmore*, which was very like *Gravelle de Vigne*. Bertie Cecil is simply *Strathmore*, or Sir Fulke Eccledoune, placed in new situations, with a different *dramatis personæ*. All these heroes are of an intensely aristocratic type, accustomed to the lives of sybarites, yet cheerfully leading in the course of the fable those of ascetics, possessing herculean strength united to feminine delicacy, and in general exhibiting that North American Indian self-denial which is so commonly found associated with, or finding root in, wealth, ease, and early habits of luxurious self-indulgence. These gentlemen are also alike in being extraordinary athletes. They can all ride like Assheton Smith or Phil. Sheridan, spar like Tom Sayres, walk like Captain Barclay. They all smoke, go into baths large enough to swim in, drink costly wines if any, make enormously high bets, kill somebody in the course of the story and go entirely unpunished for it, have delicate features and tremendous muscle, have long legs and nonchalant, "languid" manners, and finally they all fall in love with women who are either ostensibly of the *demi-monde* or who turn out to be so in the development of the plot. At plots, indeed, this writer is by no means strong, making them almost as ill, to say sooth, as Mr. Greeley and his coadjutors make constitutions. The plot of *Under Two Flags* may be told in few sentences: Bertie Cecil, the hero, is an officer of the First Life Guards and the second son of Lord Royallic, and had never known in his life what it was not to have a first-rate stud, not to live as luxuriously as a duke, not to order the costliest dinners at the clubs and be among the first to lead all the splendid entertainments and extravagances of the household; he had never been without his Highland shooting, his Baden gaming, his prize-winning schooner among the R. V. Y. Squadron, his September battues, his Pychley hunting, his pretty expensive Zu-Zus and other toys, his drag for Epsom and his trap and hack for the park, his crowd of engagements for the season, and his bevy of fair leaders of the fashion to smile on him and shower their invitation-cards on him like a rain of rose-leaves, as one of their "best men."

This favored individual, who is known as "Beauty" in his set—the object being manifestly to surround him to exaggeration with pleasure and material advantages for the sake of the artistic contrast to come—has a horse named *Forest King*, who is to all other horses what "Beauty" is to all other men. The remarkable horse, ridden by his remarkable master, wins steeple-chases of a surprising character against formidable competitors. Having beaten pretty much everybody and everything in England, the matchless pair make their way to Baden, where a great race is to be run for the Prix de Dames. There is a universal persuasion that the guard's crack, as he is called, *Forest King*, will win this race; a persuasion so far shared by his owner and rider that Cecil, deeply in debt, will be ruined by his betting losses should his horse lose. Unfortunately, the creature is beaten by a French bay, *L'Etoile*. A treacherous groom "painted" *Forest King*, and the guardsman is thus cheated of the race. On the heels of this crushing calamity he is accused of forging to a bill the name of his friend, the Duke of Rockingham, surnamed the "Seraph." "Beauty" knows he has done nothing of the kind, but perceives, from various circumstances, that the deed was committed by his own younger brother, Berkeley, a youthful spendthrift who has behaved very shabbily before. Inasmuch as he is ruined in any case and it really won't make much difference, Beauty nobly determines not to betray his erring brother, but to bear the odium himself, without even revealing the truth to his dearly attached friend, the Seraph. The latter utterly discredits the charge, but the Jew house who hold the bill insist upon arresting Cecil, which they accordingly do. Just before this, and at the climax of his wretchedness, "Beauty" has an interview with Lady Venitia, surnamed (they all have sobriquets) *Petite Reine*, a child eight years of age. This young lady, who is evidently introduced in order to have a *deu ex machina* to wind up the story with by and by, insists upon the hero accepting from her twenty gold Napoleons, with which to pay his turf losses. Of course he doesn't; and this touching incident disposed of, Baroni, the implacable Hebrew, springs his trap and poor Beauty is taken into custody with a fair opening for

Newgate in perspective. He, however, manages to escape, and, aided by *Forest King*, who has regained his usual health and spirits in season for the emergency, gets over to the sea-shore in France, and thence to Algiers, accompanied by a sort of Mark Tapley in the person of a valet named Rake. Both master and man enlist in the French army and become Chasseurs D'Afrique. Such they remain for some dozen years, going scotchless, or practically so, through wonderful adventures and performing prodigies of valor. Cecil, who enlisted under the name of Louis Victor, gets no higher than a corporal, because his colonel, Châteauroy, happens conveniently to dislike him, and it would not answer in view of the ultimate crisis of the drama to advance Beauty's rank. By way of recompense he is ardently loved by a *vivandière*, who is the true heroine of the story and who is conventionally named Cigarette. Eventually, the Princess Corona, a surpassingly beautiful patrician, turns up in Algeria with her brother, an English duke. The princess is no other than *Petite Reine* and the duke is the "Seraph." The great lady notices the poor chasseur, neither recognizing the other. Châteauroy is jealous of this notice, and takes occasion to say something insulting about the princess in a *l'écrit* with his corporal, which the latter resents by a blow. This is the Captain Crosstree business with Black-eyed Susan over again, and Cecil, as a matter of course, is condemned to death. In the meantime his elder brother has died, and the forging youth, Berkeley, has succeeded to the title on the supposition of Beauty's death. Between Beauty, the Seraph, and *Petite Reine* the whole thing comes out; but, unfortunately, as the latter is to be immediately shot, the *claircissement* makes very little difference. The life of the guardsman (or chasseur) is, however, saved in the sequel by poor Cigarette at the cost of her own, and Beauty and *Petite Reine* are happily married accordingly.

If the writer of *Under Two Flags* be indeed a woman she is certainly a remarkable one. While exhibiting all the faults that we have noted and while marred by an incredible plot, it is yet a singularly striking, picturesque, and dramatically-handled story, which will be very widely read and very warmly admired. In speaking of the plot we do not mean to imply the impossibility of a man of title serving in the ranks of a foreign army; such an incident is common enough, and a similar one occurred the other day in our own army in the case of Sir Hugh Pollok. The incredible thing is that Cecil should behave as he is represented as doing in other respects; his incentives from first to last being utterly inadequate to account for his actions. There is perhaps no one thing in this story so astounding as *Strathmore's* marrying the child of the man he murdered, but there are various minor sins against probability whose general effect is decidedly adverse to the realization of the tale. Many of the scenes are, conversely, exceedingly vivid, animated, and clever. The *dénouement*, when Cigarette is shot, although utterly without originality so far as the device of the situation is concerned, is admirably handled and is full of genuine pathos. If "Ouida" had the training, not the acquired knowledge, for of this she has much, but the intellectual culture, of the writer of *Adam Bede*, she might produce a fiction superior in most respects to any yet credited to a woman of her time.

LIBRARY TABLE.

LETTERS and Journals relating to the War of the American Revolution. By Mrs. General Riedesel. Translated from the original German, by William L. Stone. Albany: Joel Munsell. 1867.—Mr. Stone has, we fear, misapplied a good deal of conscientious labor; certainly, his taste for our colonial history might have found material more worthy of attention than the correspondence of the singularly uninteresting people to whom he has devoted this handsome volume. Nothing that adds to our knowledge of the Revolution can be without interest, but beyond this general consideration one has a right in taking up a book of the proportions of this to look either for new facts of value or for something in the character of the narrator to weigh against the fact that she was not only one of the enemies of our country, but one of that portion of our enemies which it is least possible to regard otherwise than with resentment and contempt. Madame Riedesel was the wife of Baron de Riedesel, the commander of the Brunswick corps of the German mercenaries employed by England against her revolted colonies, and soon after her husband took command, in 1776, she followed him with her children, by way of England, to Canada. When Burgoyne capitulated at Saratoga, Gen. Riedesel was among the prisoners of war and was sent, accompanied by his family, *via* Boston, to Virginia; thence, some time after, he was recalled to New York to be exchanged; this, after delays during which they resided in or near New York, was effected in the autumn of 1780. After having commanded for a few months in

Long Island it became necessary for him to return to a portion of his troops which remained in Canada, whence, in 1783, he and his family sailed, again by way of England, for home. A diary of the events of these years by an observant and intelligent woman, especially by one whose position, like Madame Riedesel's, ensured her attention wherever she went and afforded her an insight into the inside history of the campaigns, ought to be both interesting and instructive. This one is neither. Its writer is the reverse of intellectual, and in spite of her high social condition gives little evidence of refinement or education. She is one of the amiable, colorless characters such as we find in Thackeray's novels, devotedly attached to her husband, as heavy and disagreeable a German as can well be imagined, and to her children, whom she is incessantly putting to bed or making the subject of maternal eulogiums—characteristics which contribute much more to her excellence in the capacity of a German frau than of a writer to be read with pleasure. Gen. Riedesel apparently was such a bore as only by such conjugal delusion as hers could be endurable. His letters are narrations of petty details, horrible iterations of minute instructions, enumerations of the number of dishes on his table, of the guests about it and the cost of the meals, an all-pervading frugality that it would be mild to term meanness and that could only be exceeded by that which his wife imitatively practises. While on board ship, as he writes to her, "I rise about seven o'clock in the morning, after having said my prayers in bed;" then breakfast; "then I go upon deck to smoke my pipe;" then coffee, "and with one or two pipes more pass away my time until two o'clock, when we have dinner," at which we "have three dishes and eat nearly an hour;" at the close whereof "we spend nearly half or three-quarters of an hour drinking different healths," in which "four bottles of wine are consumed daily, together with half a bottle of arrack for punch. Afterwards I drink coffee with the Englishmen;" in the evening whilst, until, "at half-past eight, cold meat is brought on—also wine for whoever will drink, and beer—and at ten o'clock all of us go to bed, and in this manner one day after another passes by." And the man is just the sort of being one would expect to find leading such a life. After being taken prisoner he further becomes fretful, as his wife writes, and worries, until she adopts "the expedient of reading to him in a particularly drowsy tone," which "was successful, for he always went to sleep." By way of a pleasant surprise for her he has one of the children inoculated, intending to conceal it from her, "and he would probably have succeeded had not his fatherly uneasiness betrayed him" in that "he was continually going every instant to look at the child, and in a little while said, 'Alas! how pale she is,' or, 'She is certainly sick;' so that" Madame Riedesel, not being absolutely a fool, divined immediately what was the matter. The children being sick, this useful "husband was so beside himself in consequence of all these calamities that he could not be persuaded to come into the house until the doctor assured him that his patients were all well." Finally—in the last glimpse we have of "my beloved, upright husband, who, the whole time, had lived solely for his duty"—the phlegmatic warrior, having left his young wife to make her way to him with her children in the best way she can from England to Stade, goes quietly to bed without even providing for her finding his inn, yet in his wife's estimation "was perfectly overjoyed at our safe arrival." Mr. Stone is at as much pains to discover evidences of brilliancy and *esprit* in him as Madame Riedesel to find tenderness and heroism. Here is a specimen of his success: the general, in one of his farewell letters on his first departure, wrote, "I hope that you are now entirely recovered from your confinement, and toward April will be ready to march." In a note Mr. Stone observes, "Or perhaps more literally, 'in marching trim.' This playful and sprightly (!) allusion to his own profession is entirely lost in the translation of 1827, where the passage is tamely rendered, 'I hope you will be ready for the voyage.'" For Madame Riedesel's letters, they were just such as could not fail to please the mother and grandmother to whom they were addressed—containing full details of the children's ailments and treatment for them, of their rare intelligence, of the prospects of increasing their number—and can, therefore, scarcely be other than a bore to any one else. Only at intervals, and as if unintentionally, do they give any light as to the new country and the strange people among whom the writer found herself. One of these exceptional instances is a *propos* of "the grand-vicar and his so-called cousin," who constituted her chief society at Three Rivers, and of whom she "learned afterward that every one of these gentlemen had the same kind of cousin residing with them, who acted as their housekeepers; but who, in order to avoid scandal, were forced almost every year to absent themselves for a little while, on account of a certain cause." Another instance of popular manners and customs is about Boston, which, it seems, was "inhabited by violent patriots, and full of wicked people. The women, especially, were so shameless that they regarded me with repugnance, and even spit at me when I passed by them"—a little piece of testimony which New Orleans would

have quoted at Boston with extreme pleasure four years ago. We must not, however, be thought to intimate that this couple were never funny—many of their ideas, especially of American geography, were extremely so. The husband, for example, while on his way to the country in which he was to bear command, became apprehensive that the ship had sailed past Canada during the night. When at Bethlehem, Penn., on their return from Virginia, the lady tells us they were very anxious "to see Philadelphia, which is only twelve or thirteen miles from Bethlehem, and to which place there is a clear, good road"—the distance being, in fact, something over fifty miles, with mountains between. Similarly, she describes their residence at General Clinton's country house as having "the Hudson river running directly in front," while "not far from us were the Hell-gates, which are dangerous breakers for those ships that pass through them up the river." Anybody who can find in occasional examples of this sort of thing alleviation of the misery of getting through over two hundred pages which contain absolutely nothing of instruction or amusement may get pleasure out of a book which, in our judgement, it was wasted labor to extricate from the obscurity of its native German. It only remains to say that Mr. Stone has done very well a work that was not worth performing at all, except where he puts into the mouth of the lady, who was not illiterate, such vulgarisms as "equally as well" (p. 154), or "he sent to my house, unbeknown to me," etc. (p. 178). As to *The Life and Writings of General Riedesel*, with which we are threatened, we can see no possible reason why ink and paper, to say nothing of the translator's time and reviewers' patience—all of which are valuable—should be wasted upon them.

A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe on Rivers and Lakes of Europe. By J. Macgregor, M. A. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1867.—This is one of a trio of books—Mr. Charles A. Collins's *Cruise upon Wheels* through France and the Rev. Harry Jones's *Regular Swiss Round* being the other two—which every American should read by way of learning of a species of rational recreation incident to the English long vacation, beside their value as three of the most interesting of recent books of travel—travel of a kind which, more's the pity, will strike our countrymen, as it does continental Europeans, as whimsical and *outré*. Mr. Macgregor's canoe voyage, which was made several years ago—strangely enough the book, though particular as to the days of the week and of the month, nowhere gives the year, and we have forgotten it—is so well known that we need not describe it in detail. The waters on which his thousand miles and more were sailed are the rivers Thames, Sambre, Meuse, Rhine, Main, Danube, Reuss, Aar, Ill, Moselle, Meurthe, Marne, Seine; lakes Fittisee, Constance, Unter See, Zurich, Zug, Lucerne, beside six French and Belgian canals and the British Channel. Of the variety of populations in the dozen or more states through which the route lay a good clue is given in the author's enumeration of the different names given to his canoe:

"'Bateau,' 'schiff,' 'bôt,' 'barca,' 'canôt,' 'caïque' (the soldiers who have been in the Crimea call it thus), 'chaloupe,' 'navire,' 'schipp' (Low German), 'yacht' ('Jacht'—Danish, 'Jacht,' from 'jagen,' to ride quickly—properly a boat drawn by horses). Several people have spoken of it as 'bateau à vapeur,' for in the centre of France they have never seen a steamboat, but the usual name with the common people is 'petit bateau,' and among the educated people 'nacelle' or 'périssoir'; this last as we call a dangerous boat a 'cotton' or 'sudden death.' The paddler is a 'pagayeur.'"

As this extract may suggest, our author's punctuation and choice of expressions is sometimes exasperating; but his recital never drags, and in his enthusiasm for his new conveyance, inexhaustible good nature, hearty enjoyment of exciting navigation, and philosophical amusement at all the novelties he encounters and astonishment he creates, would be found abundant excellence to atone for no small proportion of dullness—of which there is none—so that the reader regrets the termination of the trip little less than the voyager himself. It is reassuring, however, to learn that the book, whose appearance under an American imprint has been delayed until its fifth edition, is immediately to be succeeded by a companion volume recounting Mr. Macgregor's similar voyage in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holstein, and some parts of Germany—a trip which many will read with more pleasure than they can this, from the fact that they will receive it for the first time in its entirety and without its freshness having been marred by the system of extracts and concise accounts to which this has been subjected.

We have not often occasion to wish the workmanship of the Messrs. Roberts other than as we find it, but we must seriously expostulate with them for the absence of the map promised on the title-page and alluded to at intervals throughout the book—a deficiency which greatly mars the reader's comfort, since, in the first place, no one wishes to supplement a little volume like this with a ponderous atlas, and, next, if there be any general map on which this canoe voyage can be followed, it is one that we have never seen. Parts of the route indicated on pages 170–171, for instance, we have vainly looked for on five several maps, two of them of large size and minute detail. Unless some of our publishers will once for all

solve the problem by giving us an atlas which, without being unwieldy, shall be of some actual use in reading history and travels—a convenience which, we believe, does not now exist—every one who issues a book of this sort should consider it obligatory upon him to accompany it with maps that shall make it complete in itself.

On the Cam. Lectures on the University of Cambridge in England. By William Everett, A.M. Second edition, revised. Cambridge: Sever & Francis. 1867.—Mr. Everett's account of university life and of the customs, surroundings, and traditions of Cambridge has, after all deduction for his redundant rhetoric and superfluous stanzas, so much that it is interesting and instructive, that we should reconsider *The Round Table's* estimate of its value as given on the appearance of its first edition two years ago, were it not that Mr. Everett has seen fit to join battle with his critics on his own account. A portion of his revision consists of pettish, pert retorts to the comments of *The Round Table*, *The North American Review*, and *The Saturday Review*, together with rebukes of his English editor and publisher—such as an aggrieved author is generally permitted to make without replication. In this case, however, the author chooses to affix to *The Round Table* of to-day the odium of a presumed lapse in taste by *The Round Table* of two years ago—tactics that occasion no surprise when we find them practised by persons whose ignorance shields them from imputations of unfairness, or by those whose charges are selected rather with reference to their supposed severity than to their justice or truth. Mr. Everett, however, being presumably of another kind, can scarcely fail either to know or to appreciate the injustice of now predicated of this journal any of its characteristics at the time of which he writes; and the impropriety of which he is guilty derives no excuse from the fact that it gives him opportunity to meet a taunt of such sort that to have answered it is as little creditable as to have made it.

Hymns selected from Frederick William Faber, D.D. Northampton, Mass.: Bridgman & Childs. 1867.—In this elegantly printed volume, which does credit to the taste of its publishers, we have many of the best of Faber's charming religious poems, arranged under the various heads of *Hymns for the Closet*, *Hymns for the Bereaved*, *The Last Things*, and *Miscellaneous*. As the editor remarks in his preface, "the English editions of Faber's Hymns are quite expensive," and those of his admirers who are content to put up with anything less than all he has written will find many of their favorites in the present collection, which, on the whole, gives a very fair notion of the fervor, sweetness, and tender grace of Faber's muse. We are glad to see that the compiler has eschewed the too frequent and reprehensible practice of mutilating the text to fit the Procrustean bed of his private prejudices and beliefs; we wish his delicacy had extended so far as to avoid even the occasional omission of a verse in which he indulges. It is difficult to see how a poem coherent and complete can bear the loss of even a single line without manifest detriment to the poet's conception. Otherwise we have nothing but praise to offer all who are concerned in the production of this admirable volume, which will be found particularly appropriate in the coming holidays.

The Heiress of Kilorgan. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. 1867.—A very simple but interesting little story has been made the vehicle for introducing to the reader a series of peculiarly characteristic and picturesque representations of historical records concerning the once powerful race of the Geraldines (the descendants of the Anglo-Norman chief, Maurice Fitzgerald), whose sway extended over the greater portion of Ireland for upwards of three centuries, and whose munificence and zeal in the cause of Catholicism led them to build and endow the stately abbeys now standing as ruined but still glorious memorials of their devotion to a cause which was consecrated by their blood. The book opens with the arrival of a Mr. Howard at Kilorgan, the home of the last descendants of one of the numerous branches of the house of Geraldine; he solicits hospitality, which is of course accorded with that prompt generosity for which the inhabitants of Erin's Green Isle have ever been noted; even Stanhurst, who delights in calumniating the Irish, says (writing in the sixteenth century), "They are truly a most hospitable people." The stranger evinces a great interest in the history of the illustrious family, whose representative, the fair Margaret Fitzgerald, is particularly beautiful and attractive; and her uncle Maurice is induced without much trouble to entertain their guest by relating on each succeeding evening a short story of the exploits, triumphs, or sufferings of the heroes and heroines of the house. Many names renowned in history figure in these brief narratives: Maurice, the founder of the race; the Earls of Kildare, belonging to one branch of the family; the Earls of Desmond, likewise lineal descendants; Gerald Fitzgerald, one of the greatest subjects in Europe, who held the rank of Prince Palatine with the authority of a provincial king; the earl who fell a martyr to his determined resistance to the Reformation, and whose head was by the order of Elizabeth placed on London

bridge; and the flower of Desmond, Surrey's "faire Geraldine," all their histories, among many others, are interwoven in the course of the narrative, which is given with unaffected simplicity, and is marked by an utter absence of those rhetorical exaggerations which sometimes disfigure the works of those whose sympathies are permitted to overshadow their reason. This is too frequently the case among the champions of what may be called "oppressed nationalities," whose real or imaginary grievances give occasion for much unnecessary agitation. Mrs. Sadlier, with commendable taste, avoids this as much as possible, and, while writing in the interest of Catholicism, she gives us a number of little historical romances gathered from old records and scarcely intelligible chronicles, which form valuable aids to history by affording an insight into the manners and customs of the people. Ireland has been fortunate in at least one respect, namely, that her invaders have not obliterated her traditional records; according to Cambrensis she had been free until the twelfth century—the time at which he wrote—from the incursions of any enemies by whom her history or antiquities could be destroyed.

Mrs. Sadlier, whose numerous writings are already favorably known to the public, has read and examined with extreme care many works which treat of Ireland's history during some of the darkest but not least glorious periods of that country's existence, and she has spared no pains to render her work as instructive as it is interesting.

Vineyard Culture Improved and Cheapened. By A. Du Breuil, Professor of Viticulture and Arboriculture in the Royal School of Arts and Trades, Paris. Translated by E. and C. Parker, of Longworth's Wine House. With notes and adaptations to American culture by John A. Warder, author of *American Pomology*. 144 illustrations. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1867.—Professor Du Breuil has a high reputation in France as a man of real science in his special branches, and it is a circumstance on which the public should be felicitated, now that the culture of the vine is assuming in this country such considerable proportions, that this particular work should be so well translated and sent forth in so attractive a dress. We regard the subject of vine culture as of vast consequence to our national future, not, of course, for industrial considerations alone, important as these are likely to be, but for moral ones which are infinitely more so. The volume before us contains numerous useful additions to the original text adapting and utilizing it to American situations, habits, and circumstances, which additions are clearly and unaffectedly written, and seem to us to be of sound practical value. The illustrations are well designed and, for agricultural diagrams, remarkably intelligible. The volume can altogether be warmly recommended on the score of the merit of the original text, the soundness of the translation, and the sterling character of the editorial amplifications; on these grounds it is well worth the purchase of all Americans who are interested in the culture of the vine. It is fair to add that the publishers deserve credit for issuing the work in a style noticeably tasteful and elegant.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—The Human Element in the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures. By T. F. Curtis, D.D. Pp. 360. 1867.
HURD & Houghton, New York.—Works of Charles Dickens. Globe Edition, Illustrated. Little Dorrit. Four volumes in one. Pp. 814, 825, 908, 904. 1867.
LITTLE & GAY, Boston.—Little's Living Age. Fourth Series. Vol. VI. July, August, September, 1867. Pp. 624.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.

HURD & Houghton, New York.—American Edition of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. Part VI., *David to Egypt*. 1867.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—The Curate's Discipline: A Novel. By Mrs. Elliott.
T. H. DAWLEY & Co., New York.—High and Low: A Novel. By F. H. Keppel.

We have also received *The Rebellion Record*, Part 67, *The North British Review* (reprint), *The Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence*—New York: The American Naturalist—Salem, Mass.; *The American Law Review* for October—Boston; *W. Elliot Woodward's Catalogue of the Tenth Semi-annual Sale of American and Foreign Coins and Medals*.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

WE have seen the programme for the coming season, and it is with a sigh that we learn that Mr. Henry Timm has resigned the presidency he has held so honorably to himself and so profitably to the society into hands younger and we trust as able as his own. A fine musician, a sympathizing accompanist, and a conciliating director, time was when no concert was perfect without the assistance of Henry Timm, and he will be followed in his retirement by the affectionate remembrances of all the older generation of concert-goers. The social rank of a great city depends much on its Italian opera, its musical rank depends on its Philharmonic, and the new council show by their programme that they comprehend the dignity and the responsibility of their position. We are to have one symphony of Mozart binding us to the past; one fragment of Wagner opening a possible future;

Beethoven's lovely pastorale and his choral symphony, the great landmark up to which our progress was clear and united, and from which our onward paths seem misty and divergent. The overture to *Othello*, by Mr. Ritter, which impressed us so profoundly during the musical festival last spring, is to be performed, and the names of Liszt and Schumann, of Weber, Mendelssohn, and Spohr make up a programme which evinces courage, discrimination, and a catholic spirit.

LITERARIANA.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW in a late issue delivers an opinion about American poetry which has more truth than is apt to burden our contemporary's opinions on our literature. "Unlike everything else," it says, "that is American, American verse—still excepting Whitman's—is feeble, commonplace, and pretty. It runs in thin rivulets along familiar channels, unaugmented from all the springs which appear to be bursting forth on every side of them. The national mind, in everything that concerns aesthetics, travels in the European track, and it lags a long way behind even in that. American verse-writers translate pieces from the Italian or German, but they add nothing. They are accomplished, but they do not originate. They are polished, but they are neither strong nor remarkably fresh. That fine poetry must one day come from America is tolerably certain, if we may put any faith in the law that a strong and vivid character penetrated with spirit and sensibility—as the American character, in spite of an outside coarseness or grotesqueness, certainly is—must in time find some expression in a beauty of form entirely its own." Some other time we may endeavor to show how far this view is correct and to give some reason for the existence of a state of things not less anomalous than distasteful to national vanity. What we desire to call attention to at present is the implied recognition of Whitman's superiority, faint and guarded it is true, but still a recognition more definite than he has yet received from any equal literary authority at home. And herein *The Saturday Review*, as is its wont, cautiously follows a very decided English reaction in that poet's favor against the abuse and ridicule which *The Saturday* itself, if we mistake not, formerly helped to heap upon him. Mr. William G. Rossetti, in an article which we quoted from *The London Chronicle* some months since, compares him to Homer and Shakespeare; and Mr. Swinburne in a forthcoming book is said to have a chapter extremely laudatory of The Good Gray Poet. No man, the proverb says, is a prophet in his own country, and literary reputations seldom begin at home. Walt Whitman may yet dawn upon us from across the ocean in a blaze of literary splendor that may make a great many folk rub their eyes and wonder that they had been so long blind to so much excellence. And the praise is likely to be as excessive as the blame. Posterity will probably settle his true rank. Our poetry is yet in its infancy and Whitman is perhaps the Ennius who precedes our coming Virgil.

Messrs. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., in addition to works we have already mentioned, have in preparation Mr. Samuel White Baker's *Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia*, and the *Second Hunters of the Honnan Arabs*, with maps and illustrations, drawn by E. Grisey from the author's sketches; the *Trial of John H. Burrott in the Criminal Court for the District of Columbia*; and *The Last Days of Pompeii*, which is the sixth volume of their *Globe Edition* of Bulwer.

PROF. C. D. CLEVELAND is preparing a new edition of his *English Literature of the Nineteenth Century*, which, having been published in 1852, has become incomplete. The principal feature of the revision, as described in the author's preface, will consist of supplementary lists of the secondary authors arranged under each decade, there being twenty-one for 1800–10, nineteen for 1810–20, twenty-five for 1820–30, thirty for 1830–40, forty-one for 1840–50, thirty-nine for 1850–60, and one hundred and ninety for the present decade—of the works of all of whom short notices are appended.

MR. DICKENS has informed Messrs. Ticknor & Fields of his determination to come hither in time to commence his readings during the first week in December.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN, it seems, is not preparing a memoir of Audubon with Mrs. Audubon's assistance, as stated in the announcement we copied from an English journal. The Rev. Charles G. Adams, of New York, says that Mrs. Audubon, who is a member of his family, is unacquainted with Mr. Buchanan, who has had no access to the journals of the ornithologist, that these are in his own possession and have afforded the materials of a memoir by himself, which is to be published in London in the course of a few months.

MRS. ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH's poems—whose peculiar interest from the misfortunes of their author we have mentioned on former occasions—are being prepared for publication in Newark. The book is to be issued to subscribers, who may make application to Mrs. M. D. Van Dyke at Trenton, or to Mr. R. W. Gilder at the editorial office of *The Newark Advertiser*.

MR. EDWARD RENAUD, who has quite recently become known as a poet of much promise, is collecting a volume of his poems for publication.

MR. CHARLES WARREN STODDARD, a poet regarded with something like enthusiasm in California and not unknown in the Eastern States, has issued for subscribers a limited edition of his *Poems*, which are presently to be given to the public.

MR. C. WELFORD, one of the most accomplished bibliographers in the country, is engaged in annotating Han-nay's *English Literature*, which is being prepared for publication by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co.

M. GUSTAVE DESNOIRESTERRES has gathered from private letters of the Arouet family, theatre and police registers, and from other sources the materials for a memoir of Voltaire's youth on a scale of greater completeness than any previous life of him. This volume, just published at Paris, and which is said to be but the first instalment of the life of its subject, covers the first forty years of his long life, 1694–1736, bringing down the narration exactly to the point at which Voltaire himself took it up in his *Mémoires*, commenced by him soon after his residence with Frederick the Great. The Voltaire it describes is a precocious youth, living a life of dissipation, undermining his constitution by heavy drinking night after night, yet turning from it to his literary labors. Alluding to one of these suppers, given by the Abbé de Bussi, he writes: "Ce souper-là fit beaucoup de bien à ma tragédie; et je crois qu'il me suffirait, pour faire un bon ouvrage, de boire quatre ou cinq fois avec vous. Socrate donnait ses leçons au lit, vous les donnez à table; cela fait que vos leçons sont sans doute beaucoup plus gaies que les siennes." Somehow, nevertheless, it was while he led such a life, "sans profession," spending immense sums in revelry, having recourse to pawnbrokers and money lenders, and embarrassed by notes of hand given while a child at school, that he wrote *Œdipe*, *Artémire*, and *Henri IV.* At the same time, too, he managed, as in later life—as for instance, in his lottery schemes, corn operations, and speculations—to amass considerable sums and to attach himself to persons of influence and to others in the financial world who could afford to requite him largely for services from his pen, with such success that when his father died, in 1722, he had already amassed a respectable fortune of his own. During the period of this volume the bitterness of his writings was constantly bringing him into trouble, securing his exile from Paris, his expatriation of five years passed in England, and numerous instances of personal chastisement. It was on one of these occasions that the Duke of Orleans is said to have replied to his demand for redress, "Monsieur Arouet, vous êtes poète et vous avez reçu des coups de bâton, cela est dans l'ordre et je n'ai rien à vous dire." M. Desnoiresterres' volume relates very fully and impartially that portion of the life of this remarkable man of which least is known, and its translation ought to be a work in which somebody might find both pleasure and profit.

MR. MARTIN F. TUPPER's admirers—for Mr. Tupper has admirers, although we are not aware of having ever seen one or of having seen anybody who had seen one—are not daunted by the failure of the people who tried to get up a monument to Byron's memory, and have advertised for contributions to a testimonial in honor of the Proverbial Philosopher. The following appeal from a zealous disciple we quote from *The Spectator*:

"Come, ye gleaners of pearls, for which our Tupper dived deep,
And wrenched from the oysters of Meditation, in the sultry waters of Oblivion,

Genuine pearls, not paste, from genuine beds of oysters,
Then flung forth again on strings of his own spinning—
Strings which Tupper spun at the spinning-wheel of Wisdom,
Turning the spindle of Thought with the muscular leg of Power—

Come, give a tithe of their cost to the great pearl diver Tupper,
Many in far Columbia wear those pearls of Tupper's,
Many in Australasia, and many more in Erin,
Some in hardy Scotia, and thousands in merry England,
Only a few in Wales, for the Eisteddfod does not know him,
But some in the Isle of Man and more in the Isle of Thanet—
All these wear the pearls which the minstrel-diver gave them!
Give him back a tithe of the cost of those pearls of wisdom;
Give it in postage stamps, or better, in post-office orders,
Or cheque crossed Harries and Co., to account of the minstrel diver.

"N.B. The testimonial's form will probably be as simple
As the bard's own simple taste, namely, paid in cash to his order."

It is a matter for no little patriotic exultation that as yet Mr. Tupper's third series is without an American publisher.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, SON & MARSTON announce, under the title of *The Bayard Series*, a library of small choicely printed yet cheap volumes of biography, belles-lettres, and fiction. The earlier volumes are to be *The Story of the Chevalier Bayard*, which Mr. E. Walford has prepared "from the French of the Loyal Servant, M. de Berville," and others, and enlarged by an introduction and notes; Abraham Cowley's essays, comprising all his prose works, newly edited, and with life, notes, and illustrations by Dr. Hurd and others; M. de Laboulaye's *Abdallah and the Four-leaved Shamrock*; a translation by Mr. James Hutton of De Joinville's *Saint Louis, King of France*; and a compilation of the *Table Talk and Opinions of Napoleon the Great*.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE & SONS are having prepared by Prof. Henry Morley a careful and cheap edition of *The Spectator*. The editor follows the papers as originally is

sued periodically, adding necessary explanations, and noting the revisions made by the writers as well as the alterations subsequently introduced by printers and editors.

The same firm has been able to collect, solely from contributions by the young subscribers to *Routledge's Magazine for Boys*, a sum sufficient to build a lifeboat for presentation to one of the wrecking institutions. The boat, which on the occasion of its launch was christened by Mrs. Edmund Routledge *The Boys' Lifeboat*, was a costly one, although many of the subscriptions are said to have been as low as half-pennies and farthings—an evidence of a similar circulation for this excellent juvenile periodical to that so instantly achieved by *The Broadway* of the same publishers.

MR. CARLYLE has added to and corrected his *Shooting Niagara*, which is to be issued in book form.

THE REV. J. RAWSON LUMBY is preparing from the manuscripts *The Siege of Jerusalem* for publication by the Early English Text Society.

MR. JAMES HANNAY is writing a *History of the Times of Queen Anne*.

M. ERNEST RENAN has just published the thirteenth edition of his *Vie de Jésus*, which he has carefully revised, modifying his views on some subjects where he has been convinced by discussion, and enlarging the work by a preface and a dissertation upon St. John's gospel.

M. ARSÈNE HOUSSEY has finished an *Histoire de Léonard da Vinci*, which is soon to be published.

MRS. CRAIK—Miss Mulock—has translated Guizot's new work, *A Biography of M. de Barante*, for publication in London.

M. A. FRÉDÉRIC OZANAM's—professor of French Literature in the Faculty of Letters at Paris—*History of Civilization in the Fifth Century* has also been translated for publication.

M. PHILARÈTE CHASLES—the Shakespeare Chasles, not the Newton one—is writing for *La Liberté* a series of articles on the democracy of America, which will probably in time constitute a book that Americans will read with interest. Democracy, says M. Chasles, as interpreted by the correspondent of *The Boston Advertiser*, is not the term to apply to the American federation—

"America, composed of the discontented of Europe, the hardy Timons hating the stir and ceremony of active social life. . . . She is made of waifs, she is constructed of debris, the gatherings of shipwrecks. Absolute antithesis of antique society, America, for a long time, he writes, was ignorant of her destinies. M. Laboulaye and M. de Tocqueville have justly portrayed this society, not when they call it democracy, but when they displayed it as the indomitable child of individual liberty. Independence, personal will, savage temper, the need of governing themselves as they pleased and to obey the inward impulses, behold some essential characteristics, some veritable truths; these substances have formed the Union."

PROF. AHRENS, of Leipzig, is about to publish another volume of his translation of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, accompanying it with an elaborate essay on pastoral poetry.

MISS KATE FREILIGRATH is preparing an English translation of selections from the poems of her father, Ferdinand Freiligrath, for whose benefit a volume is to be published made up of contributions from all the poets of Germany, who in this way add their share to the German subscription which, beside contributions from abroad, already exceeds 50,000 thalers.

MESSRS. ADOLF BEER and FRANZ HOCHEGGER are

preparing a valuable contribution to educational literature in an account of the progress of education in the civilized states of Europe. The first of the three volumes, which has recently been published at Wien, is devoted to the schools of France and Austria, and treats of the industrial as well as the academical and primary departments of the subject.

DR. HERMANN COHN, in a work published at Leipzig under the title of *Untersuchungen der Augen von 10,060 Schulkindern*, calls attention to an almost criminal neglect on the part of school-masters which, we imagine, is far from peculiar to Germany. Of the large number of school children he examined, seventeen per cent. were near-sighted, but the defect was peculiar to children who had attended school for some time—a circumstance which he attributes to the defective lighting of school-rooms and the bad disposition of desks. Among our own school recollections is that, in a rather splendid building, the pupils were seated facing the windows and the full blaze of light during the day, while for the evening study-hour many were seated at as much as ten feet distance from the nearest lamp, while an hour's study each morning before breakfast was insisted upon—ordeals which very few eyes, especially of children, could undergo without injury, and we have no idea that such practices are a thing of the past.

AMONG noteworthy recent French publications are Father Auguste Carayon's *Memoirs du President d'Equilles sur le Parlement d'Aix et les Jesuites*; F. Delaunay's *Philon d'Alexandrie*, an account of the historical writings, influence, struggles, and persecution of the Jews in the Roman world; and the complete works of the late M. Ponsard, edited by P. Blanchemain.

THE GREAT PRIZE.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.—THE HOWE MACHINE CO.—ELIAS HOWE, JR.—609 Broadway, New York, awarded, over eighty-two competitors, the ONLY CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR AND GOLD MEDAL given to American Sewing Machines, as per Imperial Decree, published in the *Moniteur Universel* (Official Journal of the French Empire), Tuesday, July 2, 1867, in these words: ELIAS HOWE, JR., {Fabricante de Machines à coudre exposant. Manufacturer of Sewing Machines, Exhibitor.

THE ROUND TABLE.

CONTENTS OF No. 141,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5.

Negro Suffrage, The Era of the Incompetents, Financial, Mr. Gorilla or Mr. Baboon, L'Opéra Bouffe, The Fall Opening, The Hudson in Autumn.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

Letter from Mr. E. S. Gould, Four Letters from Subscribers,

REVIEWS:

The Queen's Book, Quakers, Alice Forbes, Called to Account, Elsie's Married Life, Leslie Tyrrell, Legends de Littérature Française Classique, Boswell's Life of Johnson, The Progressive Table Book.

BOOKS RECEIVED. LITERARIANA.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

COLGATE'S AROMATIC VEGETABLE SOAP.

A superior TOILET SOAP, prepared from refined VEGETABLE Oils, in combination with GLYCERINE, and especially designed for the use of LADIES and for the NURSERY. Its perfume is exquisite, and its Washing properties unrivalled. For sale by all Druggists.

SUPREME COURT, CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

ROBERT H. ARKENBURN and JOHN BRYAN } *Summons for money against demand on contract.*
R. J. DANIEL

To the above-named Defendant:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to said complaint on the subscribers at their office, No. 79 Nassau Street, in the city of New York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiffs in this action will take judgement against you for the sum of two thousand eight hundred and forty-four dollars and sixty-four cents, with interest on the same, from the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, beside the costs of this action.

SHAFER & COLEMAN, Plaintiffs' Attorneys,
79 Nassau Street.

Dated September 6, 1867.

New York, September 30, 1867.—The complaint herein was this day duly filed in the Office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York.

SHAFER & COLEMAN, Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

FRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS.

IMITATIONS OF OIL PAINTINGS.

Published by

L. PRANG & CO., Boston.

SOLD IN ALL PICTURE STORES.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

CAUTION.

We call attention to the fact that imitations of our fine ELECTRO PLATE, consisting of Dinner, Dessert, Tea Services, etc., are extensively produced by American manufacturers; also, that there are English imitations in market, both of inferior quality. These goods are offered for sale by many dealers, and are well calculated to deceive. Purchasers can only detect and avoid counterfeits by noting our trade-mark, thus:

Trade-Mark for Electro-Plate.



Stamped on base of every article.

Our Goods, which can be obtained from all responsible dealers, bear this stamp. They are heavily plated on the finest Albata or Nickel Silver, and we guarantee them in every respect superior to the best Sheffield plate.

GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.,

Silver-Smiths and Manufacturers of Fine Electro-Plate, Providence, R. I.

A Complete Assortment of the above Ware at retail by the introducers,

STARR & MARCUS, 23 John Street.

TIFFANY & CO.,

550 AND 552 BROADWAY, NEW YORK;

79 RUE RICHELIEU, PARIS.

STERLING SILVER-WARE,

FOR THE TABLE OR BUFFET.

Comprising all articles of Use or Ornament, of the most artistic design and elaborate finish.

BRONZES AND GAS-FIXTURES.

Residences furnished with real Bronze Fixtures, and particular care given to the general propriety of Ornamentation. New Designs prepared for Fixtures and Ornaments, and forwarded promptly upon request.

GEORGE STECK & CO.

Had the unprecedented triumph to be awarded two prizes at once,

THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDAL,

At the Fair of the American Institute, Oct., 1865 (being of the very latest date), for General Superiority of their

GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS.

First premium received over all competition, when and wherever exhibited. Send for Circulars.

WAREHOUSES, 141 EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK,

Between Broadway and Fourth Avenue.

TO EUROPEAN ADVERTISERS.

English and French Advertisements for THE ROUND TABLE will be received, and all requisite information given, by the Advertising Agents of the Journal in London, Messrs. ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59 Fleet Street, E. C.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

MAX MARETZKE, DIRECTOR.

FANNY JANAUSCHKE

(Her first appearance in America), on WEDNESDAY, October 9, in Grillparzer's celebrated tragedy of

MEDEA.

Box office now open at the Academy of Music and at the usual places. Seats can be secured for the first six representations in advance.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

General admission,	\$1 50
Reserved seats in the balcony,	50 cents extra
Reserved seats in the orchestra,	\$1 extra
Family circle,	75 cents
Private boxes,	\$6 to \$12

N. B.—Miss Fanny Janaschek's second appearance will take place on SATURDAY, Oct. 12, in Mosenthal's drama of

DEBORAH (Leah, the Forsaken).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

MAX MARETZKE, DIRECTOR.

ITALIAN OPERA.

THURSDAY, OCT. 10, OPERA IN BROOKLYN,

OTHELLO.

FRIDAY EVENING, Oct. 11, revival of Meyerbeer's Masterwork, THE HUGUENOTS,

which will be produced with great splendor, and with a cast never before equalled in America, including

MME. PAREPA ROSA, SENORA ANGELA PERALTA, MME. NATALI TESTA, SIGNOR ANASTAS, SIGNOR ORLANDI, SIGNOR BELLINI, SIGNOR MEDINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, GRAND MATINEE.

PRICES AS USUAL.

Tickets and reserved seats for any of the above-named performances can be had at the Academy of Music; at Pond's (up-town) Music Store, 865 Broadway; at G. Schirmer's Music Store, 701 Broadway; and, down-town, at the Theatre Ticket Office, 114 Broadway.

FRENCH THEATRE.

H. L. BATEMAN, LESSEE AND DIRECTOR.

IMMENSE SUCCESS

OF THE

GRAND DUCHESS

now attracting the

ELITE AND FASHION OF THE CITY,

and declared to be

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

Mlle. TOSTEE and the GREAT PARISIAN OPERA COMPANY

IN THE

GRAND DUCHESS

every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY. Splendid Costumes, Scenery, Orchestra, and Chorus in the

GRAND DUCHESS.

Doors open at 7½; overture begins at 7:55. Omnibuses to convey visitors, free of charge, to the French Opera will start from corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street every five minutes, between 7 and 9 P.M., returning from the theatre after the performance.

MERCANTILE MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,

35 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Assets, Jan. 1, 1867, . . . \$1,261,349

ORGANIZED APRIL, 1844.

During the past year this Company has paid to its policy-holders,
IN CASH,a rebate on premiums in lieu of scrip equivalent in value to
an average scrip dividend of

TWENTY PER CENT.

Instead of issuing a scrip dividend to dealers, based on the principle that all classes of risks are equally profitable, this Company makes such cash abatement or discount from the current rates, when premiums are paid, as the general experience of underwriters will warrant, and the net profits remaining at the close of the year will be divided to the Stockholders.

This Company continues to make Insurance on Marine and Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks on the most favorable terms, including Risks on Merchandise of all kinds, Hulls and Freight.

Policies issued, making loss payable in gold or currency, at the office in New York, or in sterling at the office of RATHBONE BROS. & Co., in Liverpool.

TRUSTEES.

JAMES FREELAND,	ELLWOOD WALTER,
SAMUEL WILLETS,	D. COLDEN MURRAY,
ROBERT L. TAYLOR,	E. HAYDOCK WHITE,
WILLIAM T. FROST,	N. L. MCCREADY,
WILLIAM WATT,	DANIEL T. WILLETS,
HENRY EYRE,	L. EDGERTON,
CORNELIUS GRINNELL,	HENRY R. KUNHARDT,
JOSEPH SLAGG,	JOHN S. WILLIAMS,
JAS. D. FISH,	WILLIAM NELSON, Jr.,
GEO. W. HENNINGS,	CHARLES DIMON,
FRANCIS HATHAWAY,	A. WILLIAM HEYE,
AARON L. REID,	HAROLD DOLLNER,
	PAUL N. SPOFFORD,
	ELLWOOD WALTER, President.
	CHAS. NEWCOMB, Vice-President.
	C. J. DESPARD, Secretary.

Helmhold's Extract Buchu and Improved
ROSE WASH cure secret and delicate disorders in all their stages, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience and no exposure. It is pleasant in taste and odor, immediate in its action, and free from all injurious properties.

NORTH AMERICA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE: 229 BROADWAY, Cor. BARCLAY STREET.

The Policies of this Company are secured by special deposit of United States securities in the Insurance Department of the State of New York, signed and sealed by the Superintendent, and their payment guaranteed by the special trust thus created.

No other Company in the World offers such security or advantage.

N. D. Morgan, President.

T. T. Merwin, Vice Pres't.

J. W. Merrill, Secretary.

Geo. Rowland, Actuary.

Prof. H. A. Newton, Yale College, Advisory Actuary.

Take no mere Unpleasant and Unsafe
remedies for unpleasant and dangerous disease. Use HELM-
HOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU AND IMPROVED ROSE WASH.

HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

45 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL,	JULY 1, 1867,
SURPLUS,	\$400,000 00
	167,305 93
ASSETS,	\$587,305 93

Fire and Inland Insurance effected in the Western and Southern States through the "Underwriters' Agency."

Benj. S. Walcott, President.

I. Remsen Lane, Secretary.

Every Lady has the Management of her own
form within her power. Madame Jumel's MAMMARIAL BALM
and PATENT ELEVATOR develops the bust physiologically.
Depot, 907 Broadway, or 14 East Twentieth Street, New York.
Send for treatise. Sold by first-class druggists and furnishing
stores everywhere.

Helmhold's Concentrated Extract Buchu
is the great diuretic. HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF
SARSAPARILLA is the great blood purifier. Both are prepared ac-
cording to the rules of Pharmacy and Chemistry, and are the most
active that can be made.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

FLORENCE REVERSIBLE FEED LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES.

Best Family Machine in the World.

FLORENCE S. M. CO.,

505 Broadway, New York.

For Non-Retention or Incontinence of Urine,
irritation, inflammation, or ulceration of the bladder or kidneys,
diseases of the prostate glands, stone in the bladder, calculus,
gravel or brick-dust deposits, and all diseases of the bladder, kid-
neys, and dropsical swellings, use HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT
BUCHU.

THE WORLD-RENOVED SINGER SEWING MACHINES,

FOR FAMILY USE

AND
MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 438 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Glory of Man is Strength, therefore the
nervous and debilitated should immediately use HELMBOLD'S
EXTRACT BUCHU.

THE CELEBRATED LOCK-STITCH EMPIRE SEWING MACHINES.

Best for family and manufacturing purposes. Agents wanted.
Liberal discounts allowed. Warerooms, 616 Broadway, N. Y.

Helmhold's Extract Buchu gives health and
vigor to the frame and bloom to the pallid cheek. Debility is ac-
companied by many alarming symptoms, and if no treatment is
submitted to, consumption, insanity, or epileptic fits ensue.

Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines

(625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK)

Make the "Lock-Stitch," and rank highest on account of the
Elasticity, Permanence, Beauty, and general desirableness of the
Stitching when done, and the wide range of their application —
Report of the American Institute.

Shattered Constitutions Restored by Helm- hold's Extract Buchu.

THE AMERICAN LITERARY BUREAU.

Agency for Authors, Publishers, Editors, Lec-
turers, and Lyceums, and for all who have
any Literary Commissions to be executed.

The Bureau Undertakes:

- I.—TO GATHER FACTS AND STATISTICS UPON ALL
SUBJECTS, AND TO PRESENT THEM IN AN INTEL-
LIGENT FORM, EITHER FOR LITERARY OR BUSI-
NESS PURPOSES.
- II.—TO FURNISH PRINTERS' ESTIMATES FOR AUTHORS,
AND TO SUPERVISE THE PUBLICATION OF WORKS.
- III.—TO RECEIVE MANUSCRIPTS, AND ENDEAVOR TO
PROCURE THEIR PUBLICATION.
- IV.—TO FURNISH CRITICISMS TO YOUNG OR INEXPERI-
ENCED AUTHORS ON SUCH MANUSCRIPTS AS THEY
MAY SUBMIT TO THE BUREAU, INDICATING DE-
FECTS, AND GIVING IMPROVING SUGGESTIONS FOR
WRITING FOR REVIEWS OR MAGAZINES, OR PRE-
PARING BOOKS.
- V.—TO SUPPLY TRANSLATIONS OF BOOKS AND DOCU-
MENTS, AND TO WRITE LETTERS AND CIRCULARS
IN VARIOUS LANGUAGES; COMPOSING THE SAME
WHEN DESIRED.
- VI.—TO SECURE LECTURERS FOR LYCEUMS AND EN-
GAGEMENTS FOR LECTURERS.
- VII.—TO PROVIDE EDITORS FOR NEWSPAPERS AND AR-
TICLES FOR DAILY OR PERIODICAL JOURNALS.
- VIII.—TO PROVIDE CORRESPONDENTS FOR NEWSPAPERS,
ESPECIALLY FROM WASHINGTON, NEW YORK,
PARIS, AND LONDON.
- IX.—TO SELECT OR PURCHASE BOOKS FOR PRIVATE
PARTIES OR FOR LIBRARIES, AND TO SEARCH
FOR RARE AND OLD EDITIONS.
- X.—TO PROVIDE SHORT-HAND WRITERS TO TAKE
DOWN ADDRESSES, SERMONS, JUDGES' CHARGES,
ETC., EITHER BEFOREHAND, FROM PRIVATE DIC-
TATION, OR ON PUBLIC DELIVERY.

The Bureau requires a fee of One Dollar before any Commission
is undertaken. The subsequent charges vary in accordance with
the actual service rendered.

All Commissions should be addressed to

The American Literary Bureau,
122 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

Lecturers and Lyceums invited to put themselves in communi-
cation with the Bureau. Charge for entering name, \$1.

CHEAP SOAP! GOOD SOAP!

NATRONA REFINED SAPONIFIER; OR, CONCENTRATED LYE.

TWO CENTS A POUND FOR SUPERIOR HARD SOAP.

TWELVE POUNDS OF SOFT SOAP FOR ONE CENT.

Every Family Can Make Their Own Soap.

ALL VARIETIES OF SOAP AS EASILY MADE
AS A CUP OF COFFEE.

Is a New Concentrated Lye for making Soap, just discovered in
Greenland, in the Arctic Seas, and is composed mainly of Alum-
inate of Soda, which, when mixed with REFUSE FAT, produces the

Best Detergent Soap in the World.

One Box will make 175 pounds of good Soft Soap, or its equiva-
lent in superior Hard Soap.

Retailed by all Druggists and Grocers in the United States.

. Full recipes with each box.

Dealers can obtain it wholesale in cases, each containing 48
Boxes, at a liberal discount, of the Wholesale Grocers and Drug-
gists in all the Towns and Cities of the United States, or of

CLIFFORD PEMBERTON, General Agent,
PITTSBURG, PA.

Enfeebled and Delicate Constitutions, of
both sexes, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. It will give brisk
and energetic feelings, and enable you to sleep well.

FURNITURE.

PRICE REDUCED 30 PER CENT. AT

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR'S,

ST & 89 Bowery, 65 Christie, and 130 & 132 Hester Street, N. Y.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

ROSEWOOD PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE.

Mahogany, Walnut, and Tallip Wood; Parlor Furniture, French
Oil Finish; Sideboards and Extension Tables; Spring and Hair
Mattresses; Cottage and Chamber Sets; Cane and Wood Seat
Chairs.

We keep the largest variety of any house in the Union, and
defy competition.

All Goods guaranteed as represented.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

Is a certain cure for diseases of the BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL,
DROPSY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, GENERAL
DEBILITY, and all diseases of the URINARY ORGANS, whether ex-
isting in MALE or FEMALE, from whatever cause originating and
no matter of how long standing.

Diseases of these organs require the use of a diuretic.

If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may
ensue. Our Flesh and Blood are supported from these sources,
and the Health and Happiness, and that of Posterity, depend
upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU,

Established upwards of eighteen years,

Prepared by

H. T. HELMBOLD,

DRUGGIST,

694 Broadway, New York; and
304 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Helmhold's Fluid Extract Buchu is pleas-
ant in taste and odor, free from all injurious properties, and im-
mediate in its action.

Breast Milk for Infants.—A perfect substi-
tute, and a nourishment for invalids and dyspeptics, is COM-
STOCK'S RATIONAL FOOD. Recommended by Prof. Wm. A.
Hammond, M.D., late Surgeon-General U. S. A.; Prof. E. R.
Peaslee, M.D.; Prof. H. B. Sands, M.D., and other eminent phy-
sicians. Easily digested by infants and stomachs that can bear
no other food. Sold everywhere.

G. W. COMSTOCK, 57 Cortlandt Street.

Manhood and Youthful Vigor are regained
by HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

Hill's Hair Dye. 50 Cents. Black or Brown.
Instantaneous, Natural, Durable, the Best and Cheapest in Use.
Quantity equals any dollar size. Depot, 95 Duane Street. Sold
by all druggists.

Hill's Arctic Ointment cures Burns, Boils,
Bunions, Piles, all Skin and Flesh Diseases. Warranted. Depot,
95 Duane St. Sold by all druggists.

Hill, the Inimitable, has resumed hair-
cutting. Studio for the Manipulation of Hair, Whiskers, Sham-
pooling, and Dyeing, 95 Duane Street.

ONLY COMPLETE EDITION!

SMITH'S BIBLE DICTIONARY.
THE ORIGINAL AND COMPLETE EDITION.
3 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$16 50.

SMITH'S CONCISE DICTIONARY.
1 vol. thick 8vo, \$5 50.

Sent free of expense on receipt of published price.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,
110 Washington Street, Boston.

Rare, Curious, and Useful Books

In Old English Literature, Bibliography, Facsimile, etc., etc. Priced Catalogue, just issued, sent free to any address. D. G. FRANCIS, Bookseller, 505 Broadway.

RARE LONDON BOOKS.

A. L. LUYSTER,
IMPORTER OF OLD AND NEW BOOKS
(IN ALL LANGUAGES),
123 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

Descriptive and Priced Catalogue (No. 4) now ready, and sent gratis to any address, of a choice collection of valuable London Books, both ancient and modern, just imported from Europe, embracing rare and curious works in the following departments:

Classics.	Mathematics and Mechanics.
Early Printed Works.	Chemistry, Medicine.
Secret Histories.	Theology, Latin Fathers.
Biography and Memoirs.	Poetry, Fiction.
Voyages and Travels.	Reviews, Encyclopædias.
Dramatic Literature.	Works in French and Italian, etc.
Fine Arts.	

THE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, AND NOTES AND QUERIES

CONCERNING THE ANTIQUITIES, HISTORY, AND BIOGRAPHY OF AMERICA.

This Magazine was commenced in January, 1857, for the purpose of furnishing a medium of intercommunication between Historical Societies, Authors, and Students of History, and supplying an interesting and valuable journal—a miscellany of American History. On the first of July, 1866, it passed into the hands of the undersigned, by whom it has since been conducted, with the support and aid of a large body of intelligent readers and the assistance of the foremost historical writers in the country.

Among the contributors to the past volumes are Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. George Bancroft, Jared Sparks, LL.D., Hon. Peter Force, Hon. James Savage, Hon. Thomas E. Bank, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Wm. Gilmore Simms, Esq., Henry R. Styles, M.D., Geo. Gibbs, Esq., Hon. John R. Brodhead, J. Carson Brevoort, Esq., Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq., Benson J. Lossing, Esq., Hon. Henry C. Murphy, Samuel G. Drake, Esq., Sebastian F. Streeter, Esq., Alfred B. Street, Esq., E. B. O'Callaghan, LL.D., Prof. W. W. Turner, Buckingham Smith, Esq., Evert A. Duyckinck, Esq., Brantz Mayer, Esq., Hon. John R. Bartlett, Samuel F. Haven, Esq., Dr. R. W. Gibbs, John W. Francis, M.D., D. G. Brinton, Esq., Geo. H. Moore, Esq., John G. Shea, LL.D., etc.; and every effort will be made to sustain the well-earned reputation of the work in its future issues.

The co-operation of all engaged in Literary and Historical pursuits, in every part of our country, is earnestly requested. Persons having valuable papers are invited to furnish them for publication; they will be carefully used and returned to their owners.

The volumes already published contain an immense mass of matter relating to American History and kindred studies, such as cannot be found collected elsewhere, rendering it a work absolutely necessary in all libraries. Few historical works now appear that do not acknowledge indebtedness to it.

THE CONTENTS OF THE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE MAY BE GENERALLY CLASSED UNDER THE FOLLOWING HEADS:

- I. Original Papers, involving points of research in historical studies, presenting new facts, or the discussion of Federal and local topics of interest, in Essays by writers versed in American History.
 - II. The Collection of Original Letters, Correspondence, Diaries, etc., hitherto unpublished, of Americans of Eminence.
 - III. Biographical and Obituary Notices of Persons Distinguished in the Service of the Country, whether in office, political life, literature, or science.
 - IV. Accurate reports of the proceedings of the numerous American Historical, Antiquarian, Geographical, Numismatic, and other kindred societies.
 - V. Notes and Queries of curious and important topics, new and old, with replies, by a large body of contributors.
 - VI. Reprints of rare and interesting tracts, old poems out of print, etc., etc.
 - VII. Miscellany and Anecdotes.
 - VIII. Carefully prepared and impartial Notices of New Books and Engravings, especially those relating to the History, Antiquities, or Biography of America.
 - IX. Historical and Literary Intelligence, Announcements, etc.
- THE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE is printed on fine quality of paper, small quarto form, and published in monthly numbers, of sixty-four pages each, at SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS, or FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR. Specimen numbers sent upon receipt of fifty cents.

HENRY B. DAWSON,
Morrisania, N. Y.

Phalon's Extract of the "Night Blooming Cereus."—The *Cereus Grandiflora*, from which this famous perfume is derived, is a native of South America, and the most odoriferous of tropical flowers. The aroma of the living petals, gathered when the night dews are upon them, is fixed, intensified, and rendered perpetual in the extract.

1867. July—December. 1867.
THE SIXTH VOLUME.

THE ROUND TABLE.

A SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

Politics, Literature, Society, and Art.

The new volume of THE ROUND TABLE has now commenced and will extend to January 1, 1868. The conduct and character of the Journal have been so widely approved by the public and so generously endorsed by the contemporary press that it is deemed sufficient to say that the future of THE ROUND TABLE may be measurably inferred from its past; with this addition, that a progressive improvement may fairly be expected from its mercantile success and the exclusive devotion of its editors and proprietors to their fixed purpose of placing the Journal at the highest attainable standard of excellence.

SCALE OF TERMS.

One copy 1 year,	\$6 00
" " 2 years,	10 00
" " 6 months,	3 50
" " 1 year, clergymen and teachers,	4 00
(No deduction for less than one year.)	
Five copies 1 year,	22 50

ADVERTISING.

Outside pages, 25 cents per line.
Inside pages, 20 cents per line.
Special contracts made and liberal discounts allowed for extended time or space.
Cards of detail sent on application to the office.

TO BOOKSELLERS, NEWS-DEALERS, AND OTHERS.

Any respectable dealer who may send the names of *Ten Subscribers*, together with \$50, shall have his business card, not exceeding twenty-five lines, inserted for three months in THE ROUND TABLE without charge.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Persons who would like to subscribe for LITTELL'S LIVING AGE (yearly, price \$8) and THE ROUND TABLE (yearly, price \$6) can receive both publications by sending \$12 to the office of either.

EXCHANGES.

Exchanges throughout the country with whom we have arranged that they, as a condition, shall print THE ROUND TABLE advertisements, are respectfully reminded of the fact, invited to copy the present one, and to send marked numbers to this office.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Losses sometimes occur in transmitting cash by post. It is earnestly requested that remittances be made by checks or by P. O. orders made payable to THE ROUND TABLE.
Address all communications to

THE ROUND TABLE,

132 Nassau Street, New York.

To Lecture Committees.

Further engagements to Lecture may be made for this Season, for any of the following names, by application to this Bureau:
REV. WILLIAM H. ALDEN, of Boston, author of *The History of the Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul*.
DR. JOHN MCINTOSH, Educationist and Satirist.
GEORGE WAREHAM, Esq., author of *Freaks of Literature*, in *Galaxy*.
HON. C. EDWARDS LESTER, formerly U. S. Consul at Genoa. Subject: "Italy after Fourteen Centuries of Secession."
PROFESSOR C. P. BRONSON. Subject: "Education, with Illustrations and Recitations." Dr. Bronson is well known throughout the whole United States.
FRANCIS I. LEFFERT, Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols. Subject: "The Art of War."
HON. WILLIAM L. STONE, formerly editor of *Commercial Advertiser* and *Journal of Commerce*. Subject: "The Buccaneers of America, from Morgan to Maximilian."
HENRY NICHOLS, of London. Recites from Shakespeare. Reader to the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall, the Crystal Palace, London.
DR. GEORGE M. BEARD, A.M., M.D. A popular lecturer on what we eat, and drink, and breathe.
PROF. W. S. HUTCHINGS, the famous "Lightning Calculator." Subject: "New York: its Lights and Shadows, Sights and Sounds."
REV. MATTHEW HALE SMITH.
HON. HORACE GREELEY.
DR. J. G. HOLLAND. "Timothy Titcomb."
PROF. GEORGE W. GREENE, of East Greenwich, R. I., author of *Historical Views of the American Revolution*.
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS BRACKETT, Cambridge. Subjects: "Political Ambition;" "Era of Good Feeling."
HON. CARLISLE P. JOHNSON. Subject: "The Spirit and Mystery of Politics."
CAPT. EUGENE I. LEDYARD (American ex-officer of the Mexican Liberal Army). Subject: "The Broken Dream; or, The Rise and Fall of Maximilian's Empire."

Address

The American Literary Bureau,
132 Nassau Street, New York.

PROSPECTUS

OF

SOUTHERN SOCIETY:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE,
SOCIETY, AND ART.

Believing that the people of the South are fully convinced of the duty and importance of supporting a literature of their own we will commence on the 1st of October, in the city of Baltimore, the publication of SOUTHERN SOCIETY. We know that a popular journal must amuse as well as instruct; an entertaining variety of reading must be presented,

"Fit for every mood of mind,
Gay or grave, or sweet or stern."

The story, the essay, the poem, the criticism, the sketch, the anecdote—these are what people expect to find in a literary paper. With the resources at our command we will be able to offer a brilliant array of talent, unsurpassed in American Periodical Literature; wits, poets, humorists, philosophers, artists, critics, travellers—all who have anything witty, wise, clever, humorous, or interesting to say, will be welcome in SOUTHERN SOCIETY, whether they possess the "magic of a name" or not.

John Esten Cooke, of Virginia, will commence a serial story of great dramatic power in the first number of SOUTHERN SOCIETY, the scene of which will be laid in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, in 1864.

The authoress of *Emily Chester*, whose wonderful talents have acquired for her an American and European reputation, will contribute poems and stories. Wm. Gilmore Simms, LL.D., will furnish articles of vital importance to the South. The authoress of *Somebody's Darling* will contribute poems of rare beauty and sweetness. Paul H. Hayne, whose exquisite melodies have for years been ringing through the land, will delight our readers with frequent snatches of song. The author of *The Conquered Banner* will contribute some of those almost inspired gems of poetry which touch every heart. Miss Emily V. Mason, of Virginia, whose noble exertions in the education of Southern ladies have made her name a household word, will write frequently. Dr. G. W. Bagby will supply some of his delicious humorous papers on a variety of topics. Mrs. Fanny Downing, of North Carolina, will write some of her most sparkling stories. William N. Nelson, whose delightful magazine sketches have been so much admired, will contribute some of his choicest productions. John R. Thompson, formerly editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, will furnish entertaining articles upon subjects of general interest. Fra. Lawrence Duresme will open his wallet and regale our readers with "many a quaint and curious" morsel "of forgotten lore." Thomas H. Wynne, of Virginia, will contribute a number of historical sketches of rare interest, illustrative of his native State.

We also expect contributions from Miss Augusta J. Evans, Albert Taylor Biedsoe, LL.D., Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Henry Timrod, Hon. A. J. Requier, Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie, George Fredk. Holmes, LL.D., Henry L. Flash, Oliver P. Baldwin, Mrs. Catharine A. Wardfield, George H. Calvert, Sidney Lanier, W. Gordon McCabe, W. H. Holcombe, Daniel B. Lucas, J. Wood Davidson, Jas. Barron Hope, and "Tenella." Other distinguished names will be shortly announced.

BOOK REVIEWS.—This will be a prominent department of SOUTHERN SOCIETY. The criticisms will be thorough and impartial. Volumes intended for review should be sent to the office. All books, pamphlets, and periodicals received will be acknowledged.

EDITORIAL ESSAYS.—These will be upon subjects social, literary, and artistic. Wm. Gilmore Simms, LL.D., and John Mitchell will be among those connected with this department.

ART DEPARTMENT.—This will consist of descriptions and criticisms of important works of Art, on their appearance in this country and Europe. Notes of the whereabouts and doings of artists, their announcements, and other interesting memoranda will be weekly presented.

A SERIES OF BIOGRAPHICAL PAPERS, consisting of memoirs of distinguished Southern authors, artists, etc., will be a valuable feature. These will be entirely original and develop much interesting and curious research. Papers upon Edgar A. Poe, Washington Allston, and Edward C. Pinkney may be mentioned among those in preparation.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.—This will embrace sparkling literary, social, and artistic gossip from the principal European Capitals. We will also have letters from New York, New Orleans, and other American cities.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETIES OF THE SOUTH.—A series of Memoirs illustrative of the rise and progress of these important institutions will appear at an early period. They may be looked for with no little interest.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—This will contain various interesting and of European and American writers culled from our correspondence and foreign journals.

NOTES ON SOCIETY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA will be especially cared for.

Political subjects, in any and every form, will be excluded from SOUTHERN SOCIETY.

The typographical appearance of SOUTHERN SOCIETY will not be surpassed by any journal in America. It will be printed from handsome type, made for the purpose, on beautiful book paper, quarto sheet, size 28 x 36 inches.

We will endeavor to make this journal a type of Southern Society, and we appeal to all who love the South to aid us now in establishing a worthy exponent of its culture and refinement among us. No effort on our part will be spared to reach the ideal standard, which will be constantly kept in view.

TERMS: \$4 per annum, \$2 50 for six months; single copies, 10 cents. In advance.

Remit, when possible, by Postal Money Orders.

All communications must be addressed to

SOUTHERN SOCIETY,

Office 236 W. Baltimore Street, Baltimore

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS AGENTS,

NEW BOOK ON GRAPE CULTURE.

VINEYARD CULTURE IMPROVED AND CHEAPENED.

By A. DU BREUIL, Professor of Viticulture and Arboriculture in the Royal School of Arts and Trades, Paris.

Translated by E. and C. PARKER, of Longworth's Wine House. With Notes and Adaptations to American Culture by JOHN A. WARDER, author of American Pomology. With 144 illustrations.

1 vol. 12mo, neatly printed and bound, price, cloth, \$2; bevelled cloth, gilt top, \$2 25.

Sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price.

ROBERT CLARKE & CO.,

65 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. XV., No. 30—SEPTEMBER, 1867.

CONTENTS:

- I. The Jews and Their Persecutions.
- II. Have the Lower Animals Souls or Reason?
- III. Winckelmann and Ancient Art.
- IV. Dante and his New Translator.
- V. What has Bacon Originated or Discovered?
- VI. Assassination and Lawlessness in the United States.
- VII. The Jesuits in North America and Elsewhere.
- VIII. The Civil Service of the United States.
- IX. Notices and Criticisms.

There are four articles in this number which all should read, namely, those on the bad treatment of the Jews, and the still worse treatment of Dante's Divina Commedia by certain of his translators; also those on lawlessness and on the Jesuits. Insurance quackery receives due attention in the proper department.

General Agents, American News Company. Specimen copy sent to any part of the United States, postage paid by the undersigned, on receipt of \$1 25. Subscription, \$5 a year, in advance.

EDW. I. SEARS, LL.D.,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

61 Broadway, New York.

BROWN, WATKINS & SHAW,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF STATIONERY, LITHOGRAPHERS, PRINTERS,

AND

BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

128 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

* Prompt attention paid to Orders by Mail.

SEWING MACHINE FACTS.

The following interesting statistics we gather from the quarterly returns, made, we believe, under oath, by the several manufacturers of sewing machines throughout the United States. The figures which we present, and which we have been at some pains to collect, show at a glance the wonderful growth and great importance of this branch of American manufactures. It will be observed that one company alone has produced and sold within the year over forty-three thousand machines. It is somewhat remarkable that during the recent stagnation in trade this business has been but slightly, if at all, affected. But below are the figures in detail:

SEWING MACHINES MANUFACTURED AND SOLD, AS PER QUARTERLY RETURNS, FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 10, 1867.

Double-thread Machines.	Number.
The Singer Manufacturing Co.,	43,053
The Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co.,	38,055
The Grover & Baker S. M. Co.,	32,959
The Howe Machine Co.,	11,053
The Florence S. M. Co.,	10,534
The Weed S. M. Co.,	3,033
The Elliptic S. M. Co.,	3,185
The Aitna S. M. Co.,	2,958
The Finkle & Lyon S. M. Co.,	2,488
The Empire S. M. Co.,	2,121
The Leavitt S. M. Co.,	1,051
Total double-thread machines,	151,135
Single-thread Machines.	Number.
The Wilcox & Gibbs S. M. Co.,	14,152
The Shaw & Clark S. M. Co.,	2,692
The Goodspeed & Wyman S. M. Co.,	2,136
Total single-thread machines,	18,970

The foregoing facts and figures we find in *The Financial Chronicle* of the 7th inst. About a year or so ago, as our readers will remember, we published a series of articles descriptive of some of the great manufacturing interests of the country. We then selected and described the immense establishment of the SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, located in this city, as the representative and leading concern in the department of sewing machines, and we are now pleased to find that we did not in the least exaggerate or over-estimate the importance of the company in question. It is noteworthy, and somewhat suggestive, that the SINGER COMPANY, who did not, as we understand, take the trouble of visiting or even of sending their machines to the Paris Exposition—who seemingly do not care in the least for either gold medals or red ribbons, and whose name is rarely seen in print—should, nevertheless, eclipse all other sewing machine concerns in the magnitude of their business. There is, of course, a reason for all this, but we leave our readers to find that out for themselves.—*Home Journal*.

The Bankers' and Merchants' Grand Presentation Enterprise

HAS PROVEN A WONDERFUL SUCCESS!

Capital, Tickets, and Prizes increased from \$1,237,148 to \$1,500,000, making this the most stupendous and Successful Presentation Scheme ever inaugurated in the World.

Our agents have received orders for over One Hundred Thousand Tickets more than our original issue, and the Managers, being desirous of filling the orders and supplying the demand, have decided to increase the tickets from 1,237,148 to 1,500,000. The Committee appointed at the first concert have decided to distribute the Prizes at the third and last concert, which will take place at IRVING HALL, in New York city, on

Thursday, October 24, 1867.

TICKETS, \$1 EACH. A PRIZE WITH EVERY TICKET.

PROSPECTUS.

A number of the leading Bankers and Merchants of New York, in consideration of the great success which has attended many of the Charitable Presentation Entertainments of the day, have formed themselves into a company, with the view of inaugurating an enterprise which, while it shall return them a fair profit, shall offer greater advantages to ticket purchasers than any yet presented; and which, being conducted upon a perfectly legitimate and business basis, shall be free from those objectionable features which have characterized many of these enterprises.

To this end they have consigned the sale of tickets and the registering of the same to Clark, Webster & Co., Bankers and Managers, 62 Broadway, New York, who will keep the records in their custody until the day of the Grand Presentation Entertainment, when they will be handed over to a committee selected by the audience to make an impartial distribution of Prizes.

A reference to the number of presents and the general plan of distribution, given below, will convince even the most sceptical of the great advantages which will accrue to all who participate in the enterprise; and the Commercial and Financial standing of the Company, and the Managers and Bankers thereof, will, they hope, prove a sufficient guaranty of the fairness and impartiality with which everything in connection with it will be conducted, and that the interests of ticket-holders will be most strictly watched over and guarded. In fact, it is the desire of the Managers to conduct every transaction for the mutual benefit of whoever shall purchase a ticket, and scrupulously to avoid any and everything which could in the slightest degree diminish the profits which are likely to accrue to all who invest.

LIST OF PRIZES.

CASH PRIZES.	Amount.	Number.
1 Cash Prize,	at \$75,000	1
1 Cash Prize,	at 50,000	1
1 Cash Prize,	at 25,000	1
2 Cash Prizes,	at 10,000	2
3 Cash Prizes,	at 5,000	3
4 Cash Prizes,	at 3,000	4
5 Cash Prizes,	at 2,000	5
8 Cash Prizes,	at 1,000	8
14 Cash Prizes,	at 500	14
20 Cash Prizes,	at 300	20
25 Cash Prizes,	at 200	25
40 Cash Prizes,	at 100	40
75 Cash Prizes,	at 50	75
100 Cash Prizes,	at 25	100
150 Cash Prizes,	at 10	150
175 Cash Prizes,	at 5	175
200 Cash Prizes,	at 5	200
864 Cash Prizes, amounting to,		\$250,000

PIANOS.

8 Steinway's Grand Pianos,	at \$1,500	8
8 Chickering's Grand Pianos,	at 1,500	8
25 Steinway's Seven Octave Pianos,	at 800	25
25 Chickering's Seven Octave Pianos,	at 800	25
93 Melodeons,	at 140	93
125 Melodeons,	at 125	125

SEWING MACHINES.

75 Wheeler & Wilson cab. case Sewing Mach.,	at \$145	75
104 Wheeler & Wilson half case Sewing Mach.,	at 125	104
133 Wheeler & Wilson plain Sewing Machines,	at 115	133
73 Singer's cab. case Sewing Machines,	at 125	73
100 Singer's half case Sewing Machine,	at 125	100
130 Singer's plain Sewing Machines,	at 85	130

DIAMONDS.

6 Full sets Diamonds,	at \$3,500	6
10 Full sets Diamonds,	at 2,700	10
15 Diamond Cluster Rings,	at 850	15
20 Diamond Cluster Rings,	at 675	20
25 Diamond Cluster Rings,	at 450	25
33 Diamond Cluster Rings,	at 375	33
5 Diamond Cluster Pins,	at 655	5

GOLD WATCHES.

16 Gents' Gold Watches,	at \$229	16
26 Gents' Gold Watches,	at 225	26
42 Gents' Gold Watches,	at 185	42
86 Gents' Gold Watches,	at 155	86
20 Ladies' Diamond Set Watches,	at 200	20
92 Ladies' Gold Watches,	at 185	92
106 Ladies' Gold Watches,	at 145	106

SILVER WATCHES.

66 American Silver Watches,	at \$75	66
125 American Silver Watches,	at 62	125
130 American Silver Watches,	at 48	130
223 Detached Lever Silver Watches,	at 27	223
249 Cylinder Silver Watches,	at 18	249
22 Plated Watches,	at 8	22

Assorted Prizes, valued at \$890,867.

Total value of Prizes, \$1,500,000.

The Bankers' and Merchants' First Grand Concert was given at Irving Hall, July 4. The Second Grand Concert was given August 24, both of them proving a grand success. The mammoth hall was filled with the most respectable citizens of New York. The audience appointed a committee of nine of the leading bankers and merchants to examine the register of tickets and satisfy themselves of the correctness of the registration before making the grand distribution of prizes on the 24th of October.

Important to Parties desiring Tickets.

1st. There are but few remaining unsold. Those wishing to be supplied with tickets must order at once.

2d. The distribution of prizes will positively take place on the 24th of October, 1867.

3d. As the books will be closed immediately on the sale of the last ticket, for the purpose of the registration being examined by the committee, it is important that we should receive orders at the very earliest moment.

TICKETS ONE DOLLAR EACH. For sale at the banking-house of Clark, Webster & Co., 62 Broadway, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage.

SPECIAL TERMS OR CLUB RATES.—Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and sending us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission. We will send:

4 Tickets,	\$3 50	24 Tickets,	\$3 50
8 " "	4 75	48 " "	38 50
12 " "	10 00	100 " "	80 00

In order that every subscriber's name may be registered, send the post-office address, with town, county, and state in full. Money by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters may be sent at our risk. All communications must be addressed to

CLARK, WEBSTER & CO.,

62 Broadway, New York.

* Immediately after the Grand Distribution, a List of the Prizes awarded will be printed and sent to each ticket-holder.

ACROSS THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE WESTERN HALF OF THE GREAT NATIONAL TRUNK LINE ACROSS THE CONTINENT, being constructed WITH THE AID AND SUPERVISION OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, is destined to be one of the most important lines of communication in the world, as it is the sole link between the Pacific Coast and the Great Interior Basin over which the immense Overland travel must pass, and the

PRINCIPAL PORTION OF THE MAIN STEM LINE BETWEEN THE TWO OCEANS.

Its line extends from Sacramento, on the tidal waters of the Pacific, eastward across the richest and most populous parts of California, Nevada, and Utah, contiguous to all the great Mining Regions of the Far West, and will meet and connect with the roads now building east of the Rocky Mountains. About 100 miles are now built, equipped, and in running operation to the summit of the Sierra Nevada. Within a few days 35 miles, now graded, will be added, and the track carried entirely across the mountains to a point in the Great Salt Lake Valley, whence further progress will be easy and rapid. Iron, materials, and equipment are ready at hand for 300 miles of road, and 10,000 men are employed in the construction.

The local business upon the completed portion surpasses all previous estimate. The figures for the quarter ending August 31 are as follows, in GOLD:

GROSS EARNINGS.	OPERATING EXPENSES.	NET EARNINGS.
\$487,579 64;	\$86,548 47;	\$401,031 17;

or at the rate of two millions per annum, of which more than three-fourths are net profit on less than 100 miles worked. This is upon the actual, legitimate traffic of the road, with its terminus in the mountains, and with only the normal ratio of government transportation, and is exclusive of the materials carried for the further extension of the road.

The Company's interest liabilities during the same period were less than \$125,000.

Add to this an ever-expanding through traffic, and the proportions of the future business become immense.

The Company are authorized to continue their line eastward until it shall meet and connect with the roads now building east of the Rocky Mountain ranges. Assuming that they will build and control half the entire distance between San Francisco and the Missouri River, as now seems probable, the United States will have invested in the completion of 865 miles \$28,592,000, or at the average rate of \$35,000 per mile—not including an absolute grant of 10,000,000 acres of the Public Lands. By becoming a joint investor in the magnificent enterprise, and by waiving its first lien in favor of the First Mortgage Bondholders, THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT, IN EFFECT, INVITES THE CO-OPERATION OF PRIVATE CAPITALISTS, and has carefully guarded their interests against all ordinary contingencies.

The Company offer for sale, through us, their

First Mortgage Thirty-Year Six Per Cent. Coupon Bonds,

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD COIN IN NEW YORK CITY.

They are in sums of \$1,000 each, with semi-annual gold coupons attached, and are selling for the present at 95 per cent. and secured interest from July 1 added, in currency, at which rate they yield nearly

Nine per Cent. upon the Investment.

These Bonds, authorized by Act of Congress, are issued only as the work progresses, and to the same amount only as the Bonds granted by the Government; and represent in all cases the first lien upon a completed, equipped, and productive railroad, in which have been invested Government subsidies, stock subscriptions, donations, surplus earnings, etc., and which is worth more than three times the amount of First Mortgage Bonds which can be issued upon it.

The Central Pacific First Mortgage Bonds have all the assurances, sanctions, and guarantees of the Pacific Railroad Act of Congress, and have in addition several noticeable advantages over all other classes of railroad bonds:

First. They are the superior claim upon altogether the most vital and valuable portion of the through line.

Second. Beside the fullest benefit of the Government subsidy (which is a subordinate lien), the road receives the benefit of large donations from California.

Third. Fully half the whole cost of grading 800 miles eastward of San Francisco is concentrated upon the 150 miles now about completed.

Fourth. A local business already yielding three-fold the annual interest liabilities, with advantageous rates, payable in coin.

Fifth. The principal as well as the interest of its Bonds is payable in coin, upon a legally binding agreement.

Having carefully investigated the resources and prospects of the Road and the management of the Company's affairs, we cordially recommend these Bonds to Trustees, Executors, Institutions, and others as an eminently sound, reliable, and remunerative form of permanent investment.

CONVERSIONS OF GOVERNMENT SECURITIES INTO

Central Pacific First Mortgage Bonds

now realize for the holders from

TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN PER CENT. ADVANTAGE, WITH THE SAME RATE OF INTEREST.

For sale by recognized Agencies among the Banking Institutions of the country. Pamphlets and Maps can be obtained at the Office of the Company, 54 William Street, New York, and of

FISK & HATCH,

BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES AND FINANCIAL AGENTS OF THE C. P. R. CO.,

5 Nassau Street, New York.